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by Arnold H. Rowbotham

ROUSSEAU AND HIS CRITICS

IT would be futile to deny the importance of Jean Jacques Rousseau in modern thought. From the day that he won the Dijon award with his eloquent *Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts* he has been at the same time a source of inspiration and a center of controversy. Few utopias developed by the imagination of Man during the last one hundred and fifty years have failed to link his name in some way to their doctrines. Important ideas in politics and education go back to him if not for their source at least for their original expression. Yet no man has been more bitterly opposed or—if we are to believe his admirers—more consistently misunderstood. Insistent voices have arisen to label him charlatan, imposter, even anti-christ and until recently few critics have been willing to give him more than half-hearted approval. During the last twenty years, however, the trend of criticism in this country and, to a lesser extent probably, abroad has been towards a more sympathetic study and a more intelligent understanding of Rousseau's aims and ideals. Scholars have painstakingly analysed his writings in an endeavor to find a central doctrine around which his thought revolved.

The task has been a difficult one. Probably no writer in literature has been so successful in misinterpreting himself as Jean Jacques, because no writer has put quite so much of himself in his works. The famous *Confessions* rest unique, as their author claimed, in spite of many imitations in Romantic literature. They remain the supreme example of frankness in autobiography. It is

to this source that the Rousseauophobes have largely turned for their arguments, for all the weaknesses of Jean Jacques are to be found in their pages. And, for a great man, what weaknesses they were! The vagabondage of those early years culminating in the affair with Madame de Warens; his laziness, mendacity and dishonesty (the latter two certainly exaggerated); his sensitive pride; his sentimentality and that gift of "impassioned recollection" which distorted his vision even though it gave color to his style and made it one of the glories of French literature. All these, and more, are to be found in the *Confessions*. Added to them, and giving them an appearance of veracity, is the testimony of several of his contemporaries: the malevolent pages of Grimm in his famous *Correspondance littéraire*; the verbal grimaces of Voltaire, the satire of Palissot. They give evidence at least of the unnaturalness of Rousseau's social relations. Then there is also his inability to harmonize his acts with his ideals. Men have questioned the sincerity of a writer who, while advocating a humane treatment for young children and an increase in maternal solitude, confided his own offspring to the dubious care of a public institution. Critics have sneered at the idealist who, while enunciating fine sentiments concerning brotherly love, found himself incapable of playing anything but the rôle of an Alceste in his own relations with his fellows.

All these personal elements have made difficult the path of the critic but it is in his works themselves we find the greatest obstacles to an understanding of Rousseau's mind. In him the clarity which is the distinctive mark of French thought is so often displaced by a verbiage, typical of the XVIIIth century, which appears in the form of eloquence (the eloquence which the poet Verlaine condemned after it had run to seed in the decadent years of the Romantic movement). This eloquence introduced several weaknesses to his style. It resulted often in the use of general terms to cover a wide range of meaning. Such words as *raison*, *vertu*, *nature* are often incapable of a single definition. Professor Havens finds five distinct uses of the word "nature" in the *Confessions* alone and other terms are used with a similar prodigality.

But for the critic the greatest obstacle of all is Rousseau's inability to carry a line of thought to its logical conclusion. Often he will

break off his arguments which obscure or even oppose what he is trying to expound. So his works, from the First Discourse to the *Confessions*, are full of inconsistencies, contradictions and obscurities. At best they are, as Faguet has said, "*un chaos d'idées claires*".

Small wonder is there, then, that the critics have found Rousseau a difficult subject for study. How have they treated him and what have been their conclusions? It is not the aim of this article to give a detailed account of Rousseauist criticism up to the present, but it may be profitable to indicate its general tendencies.

The critics of Rousseau's day were of two kinds: the conservative-catholic group and the *philosophe* party. The former, represented by the Church dignitaries and the Sorbonne, had little difficulty in dealing with him. They classed him among the free-thinkers and relegated his works to the public bonfire or, at least, to the Index. The *philosophes* saw in Rousseau a man who had gone with them a certain distance and then had deserted them. The criticism of this *coterie holbachique*, as Rousseau bitterly called them, was often influenced by personal quarrels with him. It was on the question of religion that they differed most. Rousseau had joined the *philosophes* in condemning the spiritual determinism of the Church, the doctrines of original sin and of salvation through grace and the theory that this world is merely a corridor to the next but he differed from them in his reverential attitude towards a Deity and, probably, in his views regarding the immortality of the soul. Furthermore, if we are to believe some of the modern critics, he preached the idea of perfection through discipline (of a different kind from that taught by the Church, certainly, but of the same moral order). His ideas he opposed to the rather flaccid Deism of Voltaire and the frank sensualistic, materialistic philosophy of Diderot, d'Holbach and others. Rousseau was horrified at the cynical pessimism of Voltaire's poem on the Lisbon earthquake and his long letter to the sage of Ferney on that occasion eloquently expresses the differences between the ideas of the two men. They met in their demand that the new order should be built on a rationalistic basis but they differed in this, that while Voltaire was more interested

in iconoclasm Rousseau was striving to build for the future by giving a new interpretation to old religious and social values.

But while the thinkers of the time were looking upon Rousseau as a deserter from the ranks that large group, composed partly of women, who hung around the fringes of the *philisophe* party, became infatuated with him. In spite of his misanthropy Jean Jacques appealed to something in the feminine mind and several of the influential women of the time encouraged his genius and championed him in the capitol, so that for a time he even rivalled the Pope of liberalism, Voltaire, himself in the popular favor. It was not until after his death and the breaking up of the old Régime, however, that he attained the rank of a prophet. The men of the Revolution looked upon him as a great apostle of liberty. Hoche destroying the ecclesiastical monuments of the capitol in an orgy of rabid iconoclasm quoted Jean Jacques as authority for his deeds and the mob of Paris linked his name with Voltaire's as a high priest of revolution.

It is unnecessary to comment on his influence on the Romantic period where his spirit reigned supreme. In more modern times his work has been seen largely through the glass of Romanticism and often through the distorting lenses of decadent Romanticism. Criticism has been for the most part partial and those works which have most attempted to be impartial have leaned towards an unfavorable opinion of the author rather than otherwise. Lord Morley's book, written a century after Rousseau's death, is the best example of thoughtful criticism during this period. In the light of more recent scholarship it is inadequate in many places but it is an attempt to look with scholarly sympathy and understanding on the work of a man who was, at best, a bundle of contradictions and enigmas. Morley's book can still be read with much profit by students of Rousseau.

In the more recent books of Rousseau criticism one finds several tendencies. First there is the purely destructive one. The aim of this class of books is to prove that Rousseau as a thinker is worthy only of contempt or that he is a menace to society. Of such works the small volume published last year by C. A. Fusil is an interesting example. Several years ago M. Fusil wrote a book attacking Jean Jacques, entitled *Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques*

and in this second volume he returns to the charge. The work reminds us curiously of the malicious attacks of Rousseau's contemporary Grimm (though the latter surely had more reason for personal prejudice than the modern writer). M. Fusil must be deeply imbued with a sense of the danger of Rousseauism to expend on an author dead and gone the force of so much dialectic virulence and bitter wit. The method he uses is a common one with the Rousseauophobes. He takes each of the major works of the author and by pointing out inconsistencies, weaknesses and contradictions, he attempts to reduce them to an absurdity. This is a facile method of criticism since, as far as we know, no one has ever denied the inconsistencies of the author. Such works add little to the literature on Rousseau but their very virulence shows that his work is a living thing since, at the distance of one hundred and fifty years, it can arouse such keen emotions.

Another tendency in Rousseau criticism rests on an attempt to apply the doctrine of Taine. It seeks to explain his thought on the basis of his physical frailty. With these critics Rousseau becomes a pathological case. Their conclusion may be summed up in the words of one of them, M. L. Proal, who claims that the author is "un type de desequilibre de la sensibilité avec tendances paranoïaques, caractérisées par l'orgueil et la défiance . . . un temperament morbide dont l'exageration realise le délire de la persecution à base d'interprétation". In view of the mental derangement of Rousseau's last years it is difficult to deny some of the conclusions of these critics but their judgments show one of the chief weaknesses of the system of Taine. It fails to take into account the astonishing phenomenon of human genius and to such a race Rousseau certainly belonged.

Another important group of critics deals with Rousseau from the standpoint of results. Working on the principle that "by their fruits ye shall know them" they attempt to throw back on Jean Jacques the blame for the illegitimate offspring of his brain. It is Rousseau's influence on Romanticism which has been the point of attack of this group. In 1907 M. Pierre Lasserre published a volume untitled *Le Romantisme français* which has for a couple of decades been widely accepted as a handbook to this period of French literature. M. Lasserre finds Rousseau and Romanticism

inseparable, and, taking his stand on Aristotle, he seeks to enumerate the evils of modern society of which he finds Rousseau to be the progenitor. He sees him as the destroyer of the classic virtues and the apostle of modern decadence.

The same point of view prevails in the numerous volumes of Baron Ernest Seillière. This writer sees in humanity a supreme urge, a *libido dominandi* or, as Nietzsche expresses it, a Will to Power. This, translated into mass action, becomes Imperialism. Though he finds this motive working throughout history M. Seillière points to Romanticism as its chief stimulant and particularly to the high-priest of Romanticism, Jean Jacques Rousseau, whom he condemns as the exponent of "a pathological egotism, an individualism without moderation or rational restraint", supported by a kind of plebeian aristocracy which explains his essential misanthropy. So, for Seillière as for Lesserre, Jean Jacques stands at the head of modern decadence.

Professor Irving Babbitt's book, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, is rapidly taking its place as one of the most important books of criticism of the last fifty years, so it is worth while pausing to consider it as a work of Rousseau criticism. The book, of course, has a much wider plan. It goes beyond Rousseau and lays a sure finger on many of the shortcomings of modern life and thought. It advocates an attitude towards life which has aroused widespread enthusiasm and approval. Its attack on Rousseauism takes two forms: a condemnation of the writings and thoughts of the author himself and an assault on the interpretation put upon his work by his followers, or (as Babbitt would say) the logical outcome of Rousseau's thoughts and ideas apparent during the last hundred and fifty years.

We have already commented on the first method as it appears in Fusil's book. It consists largely of repeating remarks of an epigrammatic nature made by the author himself and using them as a proof of his doctrines. This ejaculatory form of expression to be found very frequently in the works of Rousseau has been the cause of much misunderstanding of the author. When he wrote "The man who thinks is a depraved animal" he laid himself open to the charge of irrationalism. To accept this dictum as the

essence of his teachings is the next step not difficult for the Rousseauophobes to make.

Professor Babbitt makes skilful use of such expressions although it is obvious that the criticism of any author must consist of something more than a sort of *pastiche* of his most extreme and misleading statements. Professor Babbitt goes further and tries to prove his point by quoting what others have said regarding Rousseau. When he repeats such comments as that of Madame de Boufflers that "the *Confessions* is the work not of man but of an unclean animal" he is introducing evidence of a very doubtful nature and, in so doing, he is weakening his case.

This form of attack is chiefly responsible, perhaps, for the continuation of most of the popular theories regarding the thought of the author which Professor Babbitt has enumerated. Rousseau is accused of being an advocate of a return to the primitive state, of a surrender of the will to the emotions, of the indulgence in a private code of morality as opposed to a general one, of a reliance on the expansive side on man's nature in opposition to the exercise of decorum. To support these arguments Professor Babbitt gathers together a mass of isolated quotations which, when combined, form an imposing array of evidence.

The other half of Babbitt's criticism consists of an attack on Rousseau's followers and on what he considers the fruits of his doctrines. Here he is on much surer ground for he is dealing with the misinterpretations of other men and his mistake, if there is one, lies solely in attributing an undue Rousseauist influence on many modern movements, such as communism, nationalism and false humanitarianism. In attacking Jean Jacques directly Professor Babbitt often shows himself guilty of mistakes made by the misinterpreters of the author, the founders of that traditional Rousseauism which he condemns, but in directing his attack on the errors which have grown up around the name of Rousseau he has made of his book a work of undoubted authority.

Criticism of recent years has occupied itself largely with attacking Rousseau's reputation as an originator. It has shown that in his theories regarding the theater, the "noble savage", the natural goodness of man, etc., Jean Jacques was either using the ideas afloat during his time or continuing theories which had

already been expounded. The errors regarding Rousseau's doctrines have been attacked one by one. Such articles as that of Professor A. O. Lovejoy on Rousseau's supposed Primitivism³ have helped if not to lay old ghosts at least to take away men's terror of them. The clearing away of these errors has paved the way for an attempt to formulate the doctrines of Jean Jacques in a constructive way.

The latest studies of Rousseau show him struggling against his inherent Romanticism towards a rationalistic conception of the problems of life and of their solution. They attempt to prove the essential unity of his thought. Recently two works have appeared which have added considerably to this clearing up of the Rousseau tradition, a small volume by Professor Wright of Columbia entitled *The Meaning of Rousseau*⁴ and a more pretentious work, *La Pensée de Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, the fruit of a life-long study of the author by Professor Albert Schinz.⁵ Professor Wright's work is an avowedly synthetic one. In one hundred and sixty odd pages he seeks to give the gist of Rousseau's teachings. Other critics have dwelt upon the inconsistencies of the author; Professor Wright ignores them. He avoids a large part of Jean Jacques' work; the *Confessions*, the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, the *Réveries*. He says nothing of Jean Jacques the man (which, dealing with an author as personal in his writings as the author of *Confessions*, is a daring omission). He ignores the physical limitations of Rousseau, which undoubtedly had an influence on his thought. All these things are extraneous to his plan which is to write a Rousseau primer.

He finds the center of Rousseau's thought in the author's idea of Nature, and he proceeds to give us Jean Jacques' definition of the word: to return to Nature means the distinguishing between the legitimate "amour de soi" and the degenerating "amour propre". This involves the casting aside of false pride, which

³The Supposed Primitivism of Rousseau's "Essay on Inequality", Modern Philology, vol. xxi, p. 168 ff.

⁴E. H. Wright. *The Meaning of Rousseau*, Oxford Univ. Press, 1929.

⁵A. Schinz, *La Pensée de Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Essai d'interprétation nouvelle*, Paris, 1927, Northampton, Mass, 1929.

breeds deceit, covetousness and hostility to one's fellow man. By so doing one enters into the estate of the meek who, according to Biblical promise, "shall inherit the earth". His theory concerns the use and abuse of Culture, since Culture, wrongly used, may become the handmaiden of Pride. The end is to be attained by the use of Reason which is the moral guide (as Conscience is the moral force). The function of education is to prevent one from becoming lost in the process. The rôle of religion in the system is chiefly rationalistic. Rousseau's aim was to preserve the principle of Liberty and at the same time eliminate the unbridled individualism of his time.

Professor Wright looks upon *Emile* and the *Social Contract* not as the enunciation of a program but as expressions of the Ideal (although he considers the latter "the only political system workable and possible in our day among civilized people"). In the *Social Contract* he sees Rousseau struggling with the question of the opposing interests of the Mass and the Individual and he admits that Jean Jacques is extremely uncomfortable in handling the problem.

The critic finds a fundamental logic in Rousseau's methods and sees in them one of the best examples of Cartesian reasoning up to that time. He thus places Jean Jacques in line with the classical tradition of his age and takes away from him one of the chief reproaches of his enemies. However, he warns us that if we wish to understand the author we must be able to separate the nucleus of his thought from the mass of irrelevant material which Rousseau used to enforce or bolster up his arguments, material which in the past has furnished most of the ammunition of the Rousseauophobes.

Professor Wright's task has been to hold up the banner of true Rousseauism against the hosts of false deduction which have attacked it. The book is written in a logical rather than a polemic vein, although the critic sometimes makes a pass at the author's detractors. Its weakness lies in its omissions. The critic recognizes this when he says (in the Preface): "I may be wrong in details or even in fundamentals" and he frankly implies that he has produced harmony by eliminating elements of discord. For this reason it would be a little dangerous to put the book in the

hands of students beginning a study of the author. The value of the work lies in the attempt of the critic to bring order out of chaos and to make Rousseau criticism something which is constructive rather than superficially destructive.

Professor Wright's sins of omission cannot be charged to the other work under discussion. Professor Schinz has frankly admitted difficulties and has even exposed them. He follows the mind of Rousseau in its hesitations and its obscurities and attempts to come to a positive conclusion *quand même*. In this courageous attack on a difficult problem lies the peculiar value of the book. The critic finds at the basis of Rousseau's life and work an essential dualism, which he designates as Rousseau-Roman and Rousseau-Romantic and which, in reality, is the old quarrel of Heart and Head. He finds this dualism asserting itself in a kind of rhythm by which the author's works swing now to one extreme, now to the other. The First Discourse is written by Rousseau the Roman (that is, Rousseau under the influence of his Genevan environment and his reading of Plutarch). The Second Discourse is by Rousseau the Romantic. In the *Nouvelle Héloïse* the two Rousseaus are hopelessly mixed, the book being the most obscure of his writings. The *Contrat Social* swings back to Rousseau the Roman and *Émile* is alternately Roman and Romantic. The most important link in the chain of Jean Jacques' reasoning is the *Profession de Foi d'un Vicaire savoyard* (in *Émile*), which contains the essence of Rousseau's thought. Throughout all these works there run the same inconsistencies. Even when Rousseau is most Roman he is constantly flirting (often unconsciously) with the emotions. Professor Schinz has, *en passant*, pointed out many of these weaknesses. For example, he shows that Rousseau himself thought to the end of his life that he had proved the Natural Goodness of Man in the Second Discourse, although he afterwards turned his back on the theory. This is a curious paradox but no more startling than a number of others in the author's works. As if to excuse those critics who have attacked the supposed primitivism of the author Schinz shows that Jean Jacques himself hesitated as to the exact period of the Golden Age. He shows also that Jean Jacques, while preaching altruism as the *summum bonum* in *Émile*, bases this

same altruism on a desire for one's own welfare (*bien-être*), or, in other words, tries to build altruism on egoism.

However, in spite of all the irregularities which he painstakingly points out, Professor Schinz finds himself able to come to a positive conclusion. He sees in the work of Rousseau a constant pre-occupation with a pragmatic solution of life's difficulties. While other critics—Masson and Giraud, for example—have found in the religion of the *Profession de foi* and the *Contrat Social* a tendency to mysticism of a peculiar kind Schinz sees it as a form of pragmatism in which it becomes an instrument to bring about the control of the passions, which alone leads to happiness. So we have one more interpretation of our author added to the list: Jean Jacques the Pragmatist.

This rhythm, then, which swings Rousseau between the Roman and the Romantic is not the motion of a pendulum. It has an upward trend, bringing the writer nearer and nearer to an ultimate position where his conception of life's happiness demands an inner check (to steal one of Professor Babbitt's favorite phrases). Herein lies the essential unity of Rousseau's work. The idea of progress in the thought of Jean Jacques is not a new one. Lanson suggests it and others have noticed it. But in the past it has generally been hidden in a mass of antagonistic criticism.

Professor Schinz's book contains most of the constructive judgments of the author found in the critics of recent years. Instead of Jean Jacques the believer in primitive man, the advocate of the natural goodness of Man, the apostle of Individualism, the high priest of the expansive emotions, the disordered and incoherent thinker, the foe of tradition, the subverter of human society we have a Jean Jacques struggling against all these things towards a conception of life which demands the exercise of the inhibitions; which extols dignity of the individual intellect even while preaching a social morality; a Jean-Jacques in which the Stoic and the Epicurean meet in the good old eighteenth century slogan of the right of Man to Happiness.

Adverse criticism of Rousseau has not been disposed of (as M. Fusil's book clearly shows). It must be admitted, too, that there is a kind of unity in the best books of this kind, such as Professor Babbitt's, although that unity may result partly from wrong con-

ceptions of the author's thought. At any rate the general reader today has before him two points of view, clearly stated, from which to make his own judgments.

And what will these final judgments of our author be? While recognizing the temerity of answering such a question one might suggest the general lines of approach to the problem.

In the first place we cannot overlook entirely the value of Taine's method. We find in Jean Jacques a man who was under the influence of two elements; an innate tendency to vagabondage and a Genevan *milieu*. The former put the stamp on his early years and the latter gave him his power as a moralist. Added to these was a morbidness, the product of a sensitive timidity, which increased as he grew older. To accentuate this morbidness came a chronic malady which brought him many hours of physical suffering and, joining with his timidity, produced distinct symptoms of paranoia, involving an increasing distrust of his fellow men.

With this physical and hereditary background it is easy to see why he could not have had the calmly logical mind of an Aristotle or a Descartes. Instead, his intelligence manifested itself in lightning flashes of profound thought. Between these flashes there were periods of comparative darkness during which he attempted, often unsuccessfully, to co-ordinate his thinking. When these flashes of thought succeeded each other in rapid succession his ideas began to follow a logical sequence but, for the most part, the spasmodic nature of his thinking produced a disorder in his ideas. Rousseau's great contemporary, Denis Diderot, had a similar lack of order in his thinking and the same tremendous fermentation within but whereas Diderot's thought was nurtured, to a large extent, by the vapid loquacity of the *salon* to which it lent its brilliance the mind of Rousseau, in these intense moments of creation, turned away from his fellow men. This love of solitude may have given to his teachings something of the force of a Voice crying in the Wilderness but it also caused his thought to be inbred. Diderot's mind was stimulated by social contact; the genius of Rousseau seemed to demand opposition. The opposition came sometimes from within, from the urgings of his morbid, sensualistic, naturalistic nature; sometimes from without, from

the superficial generalizations which, to a large extent, passed for thought in his day. He was never entirely successful in vanquishing opposition within and to this failure can be attributed the inability of many critics to see in his work anything but decadence.

The history of Rousseauist criticism seems to show that when we attempt to find a co-ordinated system or a logical philosophy in his ideas we begin to stray into misinterpretations and misunderstandings. The luminous points in his thought, however, have stood out from time to time like beacons and have been seized upon by thinkers in the educational, the political, and even in the religious fields.

We are then, perhaps, ready for Professor Schinz's final comment. We may go to Rousseau as to a great storehouse containing food for thought. We may not find in his writings a complete system but we can find material for new ideas, material from which to form new plans for the solving of life's problems. The critic will, then, do well to spend less time in attacking Rousseau the man or even Rousseau the philosopher and concentrate his energies on criticizing those who have misused or misunderstood the material which they have borrowed from this brilliant and unique thinker.

by C. E. Burklund

THE QUIET OF OLD MEN

Perhaps the quiet of old men
Sitting in the sun,
Is not the coronal of peace
For what is done;

But a calm measure of the years
That have made trial,
Finding at last, greater than words, silence
A denial.

by William Cole Jones

PIPPA PASSES, AND RATHER DOGGILY

WHEN the house is still and only the wind is abroad, Pippa muses by the fire at her master's feet, black muzzle on white paws, and in her eye that question which troubled the soul of Thomas Carlyle, "Is the universe friendly or nay?" The hearth is red, fleecy the rug, the shadows flickering warm; but Pippa is too staunch a terrier to leave danger or doubt unchallenged. She sniffs the unseen, then turns a more disquieting glance to the being in the chair. That damp, twitching nose senses truth beyond the oracle of his book, news beyond his radio's finding. A growl, snarls, a rush to the window, a dash to the locked door. She lunges, scratches, and leaps, back bristled, flanks heaving, teeth snapping, in her throat a hubbub that would rejoice the heart of a three-headed Cerberus. The master is roused. What skulker, what power of darkness? A witch, perchance? Worse! It is that ancient anathema of a good dog's world, the dragon that would upset all seven of the tail-wagging heavens, it is Grimalkin, the Stray Cat. A wild charge to the back fence, followed by a ferreting of every nook which might harbor the foe, so placates Pippa that she returns with tail as high as a bobbed tail well could be, and soon is aslumber on the rug.

Man thinks that he alone of the myriad creatures sharing his hazy planet is quizzed with wonderings of whence and whither; and, sooth to say, no dog, so far as records tell, ever argued over Darwinism and the Final Judgment. But ponder, if you will, that mite of creation cuddled there at the fireside, quivering now and then in sleep and barking ever so faintly, like a pup in elfland. What pictures from her past are moving? What memories of her race? Does she dream of "old forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago?" Her ancestral trail would lead through thousands and thousands of years back to the beginnings of humankind, to the green valleys of Nile and Euphrates, to wanderings where

snows drifted deep and reindeer were chased, to blustery headlands aflame with beacon fires, to early man's grim scuffle with the wild. What strains of forest and jungle, of wolf and jackal, and maybe of fox, went into the making of Pippa's dim forbears, or whether indeed they sprang from a distinct species no longer extant, is obscure. But it is clear that this ancient and earthwide family has the wit, the speed, the prowess, and the sociableness which made the dog so helpful in the staking out of civilization, so good an ally against the wilderness, so efficient a hunter, so faithful a watch and guard. Well did Landseer call his painting of a Newfoundland, "A distinguished Member of the Humane Society." Cuvier considered the dog "the most complete, the most singular and the most useful conquest man has gained in the animal world." If there were a canine Cuvier, some noble collie, say, who could record his observations, he might set it down that the dog's most complete, most singular and most useful conquest is man. But lacking the arts along with the egotism of *homo sapiens*, our old, old comrade takes us gently for granted and goes on wielding without surmising his influence in the human drama.

Browning's little peasant girl of Asolo fares forth on a holiday, wishing that somehow she might touch the lives of the great ones up in the village—lady, lover, artist, patriot, priest. She passes on, singing her heart to the sky, on till the stars bid her home, never fancying that the great ones have heard. But her path has wound, as all paths wind, through fateful though viewless conflicts; and the music of her—the joy, the trust—have fallen upon moments of crisis and tragedy in the lives she fain would have touched. Unwittingly she has given to each a something that challenged and redeemed. The romance of it is, she never knew the part she played, "moving about in worlds not realized". On her garret bed she sings one little song more, drifting to sleep:

No doubt, some way or other hymns say right:
All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets best and worst
Are we: there is no last nor first.

That is the poet's Pippa. Mine, her namesake, dreaming there on the rug, will sing, too, when certain keen chords sound on the piano, or when Galli-Curci trills from the Victrola; and therein she

excels the ordinary dog, who can only bark, as he does the wild dog or wolf, who can only howl. As Dr. Samuel Johnson once observed, however, "If we see a dog dancing, we do not marvel that he dances ill, but that he can dance at all", so I would not place music among Pippa's major accomplishments. But when I consider that for seven years she has moved joyfully amongst us, sharing not only our fire and food, but as well our friendships, our laughter and love, and that sometimes with a look of those eyes of faith she reaches depths of us that she wots not of, I pat her head, glistening white save a jaunty patch of sable, and offer through her my compliments to all her kind. For if it was the serpent's lot to betray man, it was the dog's choice to follow him through flaming gates, out into an untried world and to its uttermost ends. All the way he has come, touching human spirits and destinies, a blithely unconscious mover of our world.

The earliest date in history, they say, is B. C. 4241, recording the introduction of the Egyptian calendar. The authors of that admirable invention must have prided themselves on well-bred dogs. They, or subsequent astronomers, noted that the wheat-giving floods of the Nile were heralded by a certain glorious star. So faithfully did it lead in their year's master event and so friendly seemed its vigil, they named it the Dog star, brightest in the heavens. Once I spoke of this to Pippa on an evening walk; but she was so intent on sniffing and scratching the earth that she had never a glance for her skiey kin following the Hunter up a frosty zodiac. The Egyptians appear to have been drawn to all kinds of animals, linking them up somehow with the inscrutable, the divine. But where their heart of hearts lay, let a line from Herodotus tell: "In whatsoever house a cat has died by a natural death, all those who dwell in this house shave their eyebrows only; but those in whose houses a dog has died, shave their whole bodies". Extravagant? Well, do you remember that day when *your* dog was gathered to the Happy (yet ghostly) Hunting Grounds, and you, with stinging eyes and husky throat, stood wondering, wondering?

Israel was a peculiar people in its antipathy to dogs. The feeling may have harked back to the bondage in Egypt; there dogs were associated with idolatry, whereas the supreme racial mission of the Hebrews was in fostering true worship. Scholars have said

that the Bible's one friendly allusion to Fido's race is in the apocryphal book of Tobit, where it is related of Tobias and the angel: "So they went their way, and the dog went with them." The faultless painter, Andrea Del Sarto, caught this most human touch of the story and clapped a fuzzy-faced little poodle into his canvas, "Tobias Accompanied by the Angel Raphael". Browsing through Proverbs I once came upon a phrase that appeared to be another polite concession to canines. In one of the numerous passages which show that the Jews of old had a keen eye for animal virtues, it is written: "There be four things which be little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks; the locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands; the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces. There be three things which go well: a lion which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any; a greyhound; and he goat also; and a king against whom there is no rising up." Could the greyhound, ancient and honorable courser as he is, desire better company? But when I took the discovery to the Professor, he squelched my pride by pointing out that the word which the King James translators rendered "greyhound", meant in Hebrew "girt in the loins", and probably should be given in English as "horse".

When we pass from Moses to Homer, how gaily the barking begins! The Greeks, who loved laughter and beauty, loved dogs, as well; poetry and sculpture attest it. Dian, "goddess excellently bright", had deer hounds as keen as her crescent moon, and did not scruple to sick them on presumptuous young mortals; while the reeky Pluto could hardly have managed his uproarious realm without the mastiff porter. Is there in the world's literature another dog so heart-reaching as Odysseus' Argos? After twenty years of war and wandering the king of Ithaca returned unrecognized in his beggar rags even by Penelope. As he entered the courtyard, "Lo! a hound raised up his head and pricked his ears. In times past the young man used to lead the hound against wild goats and deer and hares, but as then despised he lay, in the deep dung of mules and kine. There lay the dog Argos, full of fleas. Yet even now, when he was aware of Odysseus standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his lord he

had not strength to draw. Odysseus looked aside, and brushed away a tear. Therewith he passed into the fair-lying house and went straight to the hall, to the company of the proud wooers. But upon Argos came black death, even in the hour that he beheld his master again, in the twentieth year."¹

Ah, those friendless old dogs! Coat thin, joints stiff, eyes watery and weak, achy with rheumatism, wheezy with asthma, they grope here and there for bones, or crouch shivering in the drizzly east wind, or slink into a lucky corner when fate is looking the other way. If wild creatures miss the forest fortune of early or sudden death, they still keep a freedom of earth and sky and a little nook of home. But the dog, a social animal, needs must have some one to look to, some one to wag to. If you would behold sorrow on four paws, watch an aged street dog peering out upon the hurried crowds at dusk, for one face of welcome.

Dogs bore their part in the epic of Troy; they shared the honors of war at Marathon; and from the battle of Salamis comes a pretty story of their faithfulness. Upon the city's evacuation, when all Athens was pressing aboard ship, they could be seen running about the deserted streets, howling after their home folks. "Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, had a dog that would not endure to stay behind, but leaped into the sea and swam along the galley's side till he came to the island of Salamis, where he fainted away, and died." And Plutarch adds: "That spot in the island which is still called the Dog's Grave is said to be his."

Plutarch it is who tells that Alcibiades had a dog which cost seventy minas (about sixteen hundred and eighty dollars), whose handsome tail he caused to be docked. When friends chided him for it, saying that the whole town pitied the dog and censured its master, the roistering young nobleman replied, "Just what I wished, then, has happened. I wished that the Athenians to talk about this, that they might not say something worse of me." Among the treasured marbles of England, at Duncombe Hall, is a delightful antique representing "the favorite dog of Alcibiades" and differing little, we are told, from the lines of a Newfoundland of to-day. Having myself snipped off the tails of seven puppies, the progeny all of Pippa, it would ill become me to upbraid Alcibi-

¹ The Odyssey, Book 17.

ades, except to point out that there is a deal more tail to a Newfoundland than to a fox terrier, and that in this era of universal brevity a fulltailed terrier would cut as archaic a figure as a long-skirted flapper or an aeronaut with Aaron's beard.

Down amid the crusted ashes of Herculaneum have been found the relics of great dogs clad in armor, apt neighbors of the Roman sentry who stood unswerving while Vesuvius rained death. On march after march and field after field dogs accompanied the legions, watching by camp fires, guarding prisoners, speeding messages, sometimes joining the battle. During the World war shepherd dogs, collies, airdales, lurchers and terriers did soldierly service. In ancient ages the breed most used for such purposes appears to have been a forerunner of our Great Dane. The boar hound, as he was then called, had a stateliness and a strength that made him the proper mascot of the world's imperial mistress.

Pliny the Elder, who perished in the same disaster that buried the war dogs at Herculaneum, records that when a certain man of note was put to death, together with some of his slaves, a dog belonging to one of them could not be driven from the prison, nor from the execution ground. "But there it stood howling; and when some one threw the animal a piece of bread it carried the morsel to the mouth of its dead master. Afterwards when the body was thrown into the Tiber, the dog swam in, a multitude of people witnessing this proof of the animal's fidelity."

Greyhounds, with ancestries older than Roma's and with the family trait of hunting by sight instead of by scent, wherein they are somewhat wanting, were favorites of antiquity. A statue from the ruins of the villa of Antoninous shows a brace of beautifully lithe young dogs, said, by those who have seen them, to be for all the world like our greyhounds. Dogs of this type were protected by the codes of the northern barbarians; and we have it on the voucher of an English antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, that at the court of Charlemagne there was a special officer of the greyhound kennels. Roman ladies had lap dogs, along with most other feminine indulgences which we suppose to be modern. Their lords imported Irish wolf hounds, tallest of dogs, for the arena; bloodhounds for the plantation, and mastiffs for watch duty.

These stalwarts hailed from the homey isles that were the seat

of Pippa's sires and also of the "smale houndes" dear to Chaucer's charming Prioress:

Of smale houndes had she that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk or wastel breed;
But sore she wept if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte.

In William Blake's painting of the nine and twenty pilgrims riding forth from Tabard Inn for Canterbury the dainty creatures caper beside the palfrey of the pretty nun, while ahead jogs a grizzled deep-jowled veteran of the chase, whose fangs must have done many a wolf to death.

See those pilgrims ambling by in the golden morn of English poesy: the Knight, and the young Squire "fresh as is the month of May"; the Yeoman in his hood of green; the pleasant Prioress herself; the Monk, whose bridle would jingle in a whistling wind as clear "and eek as doth a chapel-belle"; the Franklin, the merry Friar, the Scholar in threadbare coat; the Lawyer, who "seemed bisier than he was"; a jostle of thriving burgesses, a cook, a sea captain (by many a tempest had his beard been shaken), the Doctor of Physik, and, bless us! the red-stockinged Wyf of Bathe! Humanity is moving by. Here come the Parson rich in "holy thought and werk", with his brother, the Plowman; the lusty miller, blowing bagpipes; a choleric Reeve; those precious rascals, the Summoner and the Pardoner; Mine Host, his arms outstretched in welcome to the world; and then the Poet-creator of them, blissful be his shrine! There they pass under the rising sun, through greening fields, an all-human throng—and with them, inseparable from life and life's literature, goes the Dog.

"No country may, I take it, compare with ours in number, excellency and diversity of dogs": thus William Harrison, in the earlier years of Queen Bess's reign, writing for Holinshed's Chronicle. He admires the mastiffs which, though fierce at night, will let children ride them in the day. "I had one myself", he says, "which would not suffer any man to bring his weapon further than my gate; neither those that were of my house to be touched in his presence. Or if I had beaten any of my children, he would gently have essayed to catch the rod in his teeth and take it out of my hand." Harrison praises the hounds, too, especially those termed Sagaces, "not only because of their skill in hunting but also

for that they know their own and the names of their fellows most exactly; for if the hunter see any one to follow skilfully and with likelihood of good success, he biddeth the rest to hark and follow such a dog; and they eftsoones obey, so soon as they hear his name."

Some one with a humor for it should make a study of dog vocabularies. Pippa, who has had no training in the tongues, answers to at least a score of words and phrases: cat, mouse, candy, mistress, little mistress, master's coming, bad dog (when surprised on a forbidden sofa), switch, want to go to the garden? want to go to walk? get your lead, liver, ice man (whose clinking tongs incense her) and hairpin. From puppyhood she has been curiously sensitive to metals, which she seems to regard with half-waggish hostility. When a month old she assailed a poker with which a slug-gard fire was being prodded, and to this day the sound of scraping iron is to her as the blast of an enchanted horn daring to battle. Her happiest zest, however, is for those forked bits of wire common to milady's coiffure in antebobbing times. They make up to Pippa her incapacity for golf and sundry other human diversions. For having lighted on a hairpin, she will flip it with her forepaw to a distant part of the room, go snuffling amid rugs and furniture till she finds it, shake it between her teeth to a lively accompaniment of gutterals, flip it again, and again explore, between times lolling it forth on her tongue for the spectators to behold; and at length will thrust it, somehow, into a crack or cranny over which she will paw, bark, growl, whine, yammer, lick, slobber and puff until her mistress peremptorily puts a stop to the orgy. The Professor calls it her hairpin complex.

Our Elizabethan chronicler looked with a proud man's contumely on the lady's little pets: "fisting hounds", he called them, and "Sybaritical puppies". But he was much amused at those "toyish curs trained to dance to the drum, the citharne and the harp, shewing many tricks by the gesture of their bodies, as, to stand bolt upright, to lie flat on the ground, to turn round as a ring, holding their tails in their teeth; to saw and beg for meat, to take a man's cap from his head, and sundry such properties which they learn from their idle, roguish masters, whose intruments they are to gather gain."

Many such drolls, no doubt, were watched by Shakespeare in his saunterings along the bankside, but all of them together could not come up to his Crab—immortal cur! "Enter Launce, with his dog: 'When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, thus would I teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Sylvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies!'"

England now has more than two thousand bench shows annually and boasts above a quarter of a million duly registered or, as Shakespeare would say, "gentleman-like" dogs. If in his day there were not so many of the pedigreed, there were legions of others. Dogs were everywhere, a historian notes, and goes on to cite an old deed which provided for the yearly payment of eight shillings, "to a poor man of the parish, who should undertake to awaken sleepers and to whip out dogs from the church of Claverly during divine services." In the rural South of yesterday that office, so far as it pertained to dogs, was performed as a duty of delight by youths of the congregation, who so managed it that the hounds would depart yelping, and not infrequently would fall into loud combats in the churchyard. Crab, however, was plainly a denizen of the town, one of those cheerful roustabouts whose parents are romantically indifferent to family trees.

The fact is, there is no predicting canine espousals except man assume the rôle of Providence. If the moon be apt, King Cophetua will wed the beggar maid, or the queenliest pointer elope with some wandering minstrel of a fice. Hence, in part, must have arisen the astonishing diversity of dogkind, which ranges from the mastiff to its dwarf descendant, the pug; from the Saint Bernard capable of carrying a man on its back, to the toy spaniel held on a lady's palm; from the hairless Mexican chihuahua to great-coated Bolto of the everlasting snows, who led his fellow huskies against Arctic gales, from Anchorage to Nome, bearing the serum that saved human lives; and from the open-hearted fox terrier that blurts out all he knows or feels, to Bill Sike's dog that

"wouldn't so much as bark in a witness box for fear of committing himself; no not if you tied him up in one and left him there without wittles for a fortnight."

An interesting catalogue of dogs is given by Shakespeare in *Macbeth*: "Hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves; the swift, the slow, the subtle, the housekeeper, the hunter." What glorious hounds he paints us in *Midsummer Night's Dream*! "Their heads are hung with ears that sweep away the morning dew; the crook-knee'd and dew-lapped like Thessalanian bulls; slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, each unto each:

Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

Many a time the red hills of Georgia have echoed to that tuneable cry. Fox hunting, still enjoyed in some of the highland counties, abounded in the spacious, leisurely days before the war of the 'sixties. A less fashionable yet keenly relished sport, which today crops out in happy countrysides, is pictured by that rare old delineator of Southern customs and characters, William Tappan Thompson. As his rustic hero, who has the title part in *Major Jones's Courtship*, describes it:

You see, I's got two of the best coon dogs in the settlement, and the fellers can't never go without 'em. Well, jest after supper, I heard 'em comin', blowin' their horns like they was goin' to tear down the walls of Jerico, and the dogs all howlin's as if heaven and yeath was comin' together. It was a 'bominable dark night, and every now and then it kep' sprinklin' a little. I and two or three more carried torches, but some of 'em had none, and was all the time gittin' lost, or gittin' hung in the bushes, and then they'd holler out, "Hold the light, somebody over here!" Tom Stallins had three or four hounds and one great, big yaller cur, what wasn't worth shucks to tail, but was 'bomination to fight. There were two or three young hounds—and you know they're the biggest fools in the world—what wouldn't budge; and when anybody tried to encourage 'em to hunt, they'd begin to squall like all nater. and come jumpin' about, and one of 'em licked Ben Biers right in the face. Ben had more dogs than you could shale a stick at;

and sich another hellabelloo as they al made! It put me in mind of what Shakespeare sez about dogs:

I never herd sich powerful discord,
Sich sweet thunder.

From the Chattahoochee to the Thames, from the Tiber to the Aegean lands and back to old father Nile the dog has been of use as a partner in the chase—whether for coon or deer, for lion or mouse—and as a servant of sundry work. But mere *use* does not tell the merit of Pippa's kind, passing along the trail of history. If other domestic animals tarry with man from necessity or constraint, the dog does so from affection. Robinson Crusoe put the fact in a cheery sentence: "As for the dog, he jumped out of the ship of himself and swam on shore to me, and was a trusty servant to me many years, I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, *nor any company that he could make up to me.*"

Odysseus was neither first nor last of heroes to immortalize a dog's companionship. William the Silent had a little spaniel who was wont to pass the night at the foot of his bed. In the autumn of 1572, when the enemy was besieging Mons, a band of them crept into the patriot's camp in the early morning hours and made their way through drowsing guards toward William of Orange's own tent. He was fast asleep, but the spaniel barked furiously and fell to scratching at its master's head. "There was just time", says Motley, "for the Prince to mount a horse and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of horse and two of his secretaries who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives; and but for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death." Ever afterwards he kept near him a spaniel of that strain, and statues of him show such a one sculptured at his feet.

If all the illustrious spirits who enjoyed dog friends while sojourning here were to hold a procession with their now phantom pets, they would reach at least half way round Elysium. Think of the remorseful Prince Llewellyn and his martyred greyhound Gelert, whose ballad has wrung more tears, belike, than even

Barbara Allan's. Think of the Dog of Montargis, who followed his master's secret assassin so restlessly, so implacably that at length Charles the Fifth of France ordered a judicial combat between the animal and the courtier whom its growls seemed to accuse; the dog, of course, won; the guilty man confessed and was executed. Think of Sir Isaac Newton and his dog Diamond, of Mirabeau and his Chico, of Josephine and her Fortune, concerning whom Napoleon recorded that on his wedding night the little beast was with his bride. "I resigned myself", wrote the destined victor of forty battles, "but the dog was less accommodating; I have the marks upon my leg to show his decision in the matter." Think of Sir Walter Scott, with his dozens of dog pals; and of Lord Byron, who had graven on a marble shaft: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be but meaningless flattery, if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Botswain, a Dog, who was born at Newfoundland, 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808." In like vein Alexander H. Stephens wrote for his sagacious poodle Rio: "Here rest the remains of what in life was a satire on the human race, and an honor to his own—a faithful Dog." Simpler, but no less eloquent, was a weather-worn marker which, as pioneers of my home town tell, stood of old on a green mound, near the engine house of the community's first fire company. Buried there was a dog that never once failed, while nature spared him, to turn out with the flame fighters, running beside the horses and barking with all his soul to the wild music of the bell. Carved on the tablet was one word, "JEFF".

When a dutiful ox dies no epitaph is writ; rather he is flayed for the parsimonious tanner. When a mule goes the way of all flesh, no mound is reared, serviceable though his years have been. When a lambkin lies still and stark on the trencher, even the poet who was wont to rhyme on the pretty innocent will regale himself with one of its chops. But when a certain little creature, having a bark at one end and a bit of tail at the other, with a flea or two between, takes leave for the Isles of the Blest, the lords of earth

look foolish while their ladies weep, and humanity feels a tug at the heart.

Thus the lovable outreaches the useful. And thus Pippa's clan prospers at the fireside after its business has dwindled in the field. The fox terrier began as a helper of the fox hound, its task being to rout Reynard from his den. That required vim, courage and perseverance in a body small enough to squirm into the adversary's lair, yet sturdy enough to stand punishment. Now that the hunt has eased into what is mostly a cross-country ride, our ardent friend has lost his earlier and more strenuous occupation. Nevertheless, he keeps the old hardihood and fire, the instinct to dig as if the devil himself were to be unearthed, and the curiosity of a scientific mind. Add impudence, excitability, and a Gallic gaiety. There you have fox terriers in general, and in especial Pippa.

With Pippa, indeed, gaiety is so continual a tone that one might take her to be the merest butterfly. Yet, there fell a day when she met as none but nature's heroine could the fatefullest hour that comes to daughters of earth. Early in the autumn she had been espoused to Major N., a mannerly, mettlesome terrier belonging to the Professor; and it is pleasant to record that the alliance was one of true love as well as policy. But a grander adventure was to be. The last leaf had fallen, the sky was grim, winds were skirling keen. Again there burned in Pippa's eye that question which troubled the soul of Thomas Carlyle, but profounder now than cats. Down into the cellar's dark she crept, and down into the lone, ancient valley where life travails for Life. Still, ghostly still the house. Night deepened. The wind's wildness fell to a moan.

Next morning, when we whistled for Pippa, there was no answer. Gray light dusted the low window, but all about her den was dark. We opened the furnace door, the better to see, and the fire shone red on a little form far back in the yellow straw, shrunken and spent. Pippa had passed, from flapperhood to the battle and business of creation. Wee things, pink and snowy, with markings of jet, clung to her and made thin wailing. One, two, three—five—"O, master we are seven!" When her mistress reached for one of them Pippa snapped and growled (her first harshness toward

one of her people) then bowed her head humbly. No word could coax, no meaty morsel tempt her away. Scrambled egg with bacon were brought to her below decks, and she ate ravenously. But all that day she refused to leave her charge, and all the next, and all the next.

"Who provideth the raven his food?" Who teaches a little dog the fortitude, the fidelity, the amazing technique of motherhood? "God never wrought miracles to convict atheism", said my Lord Bacon, "because His ordinary works convict it." His ordinary works! The cattle on a thousand hills, the horse whose neck is "clothed with thunder", the sparrow whose bleeding fall He marks, the young lions roaring after their prey; and His little terriers frisking around the starry footstool! Light-hearted their lot, great-hearted, too. Loving the highest it is given them to know, they fulfill a sovereign law, and through simplest devotion reach out and up into worlds beyond their ken.

Faithful Pippa, dreaming in the firelight, when you shall pass, some day, to the Shining Fields, what there will be the judgment on your little barking ghost?

Say not, "a small event!" Why "small?"
Costs it more pain that this ye call
"A great event," should come to pass
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds that make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!

by C. E. Burklund

AFTER RAIN AT SUNSET

The warm rain crumbles to a sun
On each blade of grass;
The sky is clean, lovely—
Freshened winds pass.

Rain-cooled, the honeysuckle
And rose spill
Washed fragrance . . . and evening comes
Fragile and still.

by Dudley Fitts

AHASUERIS

For Lincoln Kirstein.

*The night was even now: but
that name is lost.*

—FRANCIS BACON.

Who are you?

—listen : his name is

Dust flung along dead wind, a word
Gritted out of sense, on the first faint air
Of morning sliding in from sterile fields,
Dank grey from tomb-lands, ghost-groping
At lock and sagging hinge.

—listen : I tell

You Poet after him, and you
Unknowing Poet he loved: his gusty spell
Wove above you sleeping, girl and man; his breath
Stirred in your hair, his fingers
Pressed your eyes, underneath
Lids,—the smoky wraiths
Linger yet on your brains—; a seeping
Influence charmed you to trouble, uneasy
While you lay sleeping, while
You lay sleeping.

Who are you?

—quietness, oh

Quietness.—This was his house, here
He yawned out a year
And another year and yet
Another year. He was warm, he drowsed
Secure at his own hearth,

Snug under joist and harbouring beam.
He lived here

—oh be silent—

, and one night

suddenly the door yelled wide,
the long flame bent double, screamed out sidewise,
the hearth flared black
, and there was night: laughter also, and death
behind hurt eyes, eyes twisting queerly
sidewise, gleaming blank

Who are you?

—hear him, hear him:

'I, Ahasueris of your mind
'Wanderer always, now swaggering brash
'The gallant broadways of your acknowledged thought,
'Hesitant now, unsure, groping unlit corridors
'Catacombed under thought : air and dust along
'Dead nocturnal winds,
'Ahasueris
'Unrecognized, unrecognizable
'Ahasueris
'Tenant of you, girl, dark dæmon of your body,
'Ahasueris
'No kindlier for your body, forbidden Syon,—
'What are all the brave streets of the world, all
'Common delights, all golden canorous joys?
'There is only wind
'Waterless, there is dry
'Air. The desert is an eye
'Unshut unveilable.'

(but

*the rain is white against the hill
the rain is white in my heart, the small rain
falling falling . . .)*

—*What are you?*

'Dull. Dull. Dull.
 'Heart's aching watch.
 'Ahasueris. And laughter.
 'Memorial of oblivion hereafter.
 'Denial stands with wings of lead.

'Golgotha Road your lips
 'Golgotha Road your eyes
 'Golgotha Road in me, in you, for ever'

But you? But you?—

*Regret is in the stars: let them beat unheard
 Below infinite horizons. Silently wheeling
 The moon steals up the sky,
 Glides over tree and steeple to the hills
 Falls, and is dark. Sleep now: I would have it so
 Always, night for ever dreamless, darkened
 Sleep for ever. . . .*

'never.

'—but

'Ah the backward turning! the gaze
 'Tense at nothing, straining behind me, above me, for
 'Nothing, nothing, and
 'Ah from all the days
 'Gone, from all the years to come, your voice
 'Instant, deathless, singing laughter into me,
 'Stringwise singing into me

'—bone upon bone clacking behind eyes gone white—
 '—râle of inexpiable laughter—
 '—dry clogging after death—'

I know you! I know—

'Blank dust along the usual air.'

by J. Y. T. Greig

WHY STUDY LITERATURE?

THE very question may appear superfluous. No reader of this REVIEW is likely to have any more doubt in his mind than I have in mine, that literature is worth creating and, once created, worth studying. But perhaps some, like me, have been perplexed now and then to explain precisely why these activities have value. Every now and then we happen upon men and women who simply don't believe that literature is worth spending time on: natural scientists, perhaps, distinguished in their own field; or the practical men of business, who 'serve' their country by amassing fortunes. These will at times dismiss literature as mere luxury, mere entertainment, an affair for milksops, boobs and weaklings, something beneath the notice of the serious-minded. What have we to say to them? We know that they are wrong, but that is not enough. We ought, I think, to be ready with a *why*.

And let me begin by saying that I do not think it a sufficient answer to affirm, with varying degrees of emphasis, that literature has value for its own sake. Frankly, I don't believe it has, any more than sweet potatoes, or physics, or the Eighteenth Amendment to the American Constitution. Life is valuable for its own sake; nothing less than this. Whatever contributes to a fuller, better, more complete and satisfying life takes its value from that end, and from that end alone.

I go further. I accept the presupposition behind the judgments of our critics, namely, that life is a practical affair. Man is so constituted that the end or goal of all his endeavors should be action. Feeling and thought, emotion and contemplation—these are not ends but means. To exalt them into ends is sentimentalism. And unless literature can be shown to contribute something valuable, something essential, towards the life of action, then, say I, let us stop writing poems, plays, novels, and short stories, and let us close down and disband every department of literature in the universities.

Now it is obvious enough that action, though the end and goal of life, cannot be continuous. Pauses there must be, opportunities for rest, relaxations. And it is equally obvious that much of what we call literature is designed to provide just that refreshment which is needed in a pause. A good case can be made for literature as entertainment. The so-called 'literature of escape' is not to be despised. But I would not base my argument on this. If literature was mere refreshment, an escape from life, it must be classed with football, any movie, any parlor game. No scale of value would emerge.

Let us make a bolder claim. Literature is more than entertainment, more than a luxury in the life of a nation or an individual; it is a practical necessity. Let us go further, and, carrying the war into the enemy's country, let us maintain that the writing of literature is a more practical operation than the building of a road, and that the study of it, when honestly, courageously and perseveringly undertaken, a more practical study than that of chemistry or economics. 'Poets,' says Shelley, in one of his magnificent phrases, 'are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' That is not a splendid exaggeration; it is sober truth.

Literature, then, though it may be, and ought to be, entertainment, though it ought, in the older phrase, 'to bring delight,' is more than entertainment, more than a means of delight. It is (to quote Shelley once again) 'the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.' A nation's literature is the permanent embodiment of the experience of its greatest men and women, the crystallization of their experience made accessible to future generations.

Experience. I stress the word. I base everything upon it. I use it as the touchstone.

The object of science is knowledge, and its aim or intention the conveying of information. Knowledge is the possession of ordered information, and information is just the schemata of experience—not experience itself. Take the statements: 'I travelled a week ago from Cleveland to Nashville'. 'The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal'. 'When work is transformed into heat, or heat into work, the quantity of work is mechanically equivalent to the quantity of heat'. 'In 1917 the United States of America declared war on Germany'. These are all pieces of in-

formation, statements of fact. They are simple and detached; but their simplicity and lack of order must not be permitted to mislead us. They are all of a piece with the most elaborate constructions of science, with, for example, the Quantum Theory or Mendel's Law. They are not true records of experience, but at the most a sort of conventional shorthand which might be transcribed and interpreted by the expert stenographer, and so *become* experience.

The aim or intention of literature, on the other hand, is to record and communicate experience. Any one of the above statements might appear in a work of literature, but it would be there, not because it was held to be a fact of importance by itself, but because it was embedded in a total experience which the writer felt impelled to furnish forth with words.

This is best illustrated by an example. If I say: 'I travelled a week ago from Cleveland to Nashville', that is a simple statement of fact, a colorless and unimportant piece of information. But suppose I say: 'I racketed and sweated through the long night of a railway journey from Cleveland to Nashville'. What has happened? I have purposely made the revision of my statement banal and crude. None the less it has changed fundamentally in character from the former piece of information. I have begun, never mind how feebly, to record and communicate experience. Were I to work at it, as a sensitive and able poet might, it is possible that the complete experience would achieve expression, would be recorded and communicated. Then I should have created literature. What I have done in the crude revision is to point the way towards literature. Literature is the imperishable record, or expression, of experience.

It may be well to note in passing here, that the experience which is recorded and communicated in literature need not have been the writer's own in the form in which it is expressed. Even the lyric is generally dramatic.

Still another caveat must be entered. We are trying to define human activities that do not always divide up very clearly. There are many mixed forms of writing, in which the scientific and literary intentions are combined, sometimes confused. A great deal of literature does incidentally convey information, and a great deal of science does incidentally record experience. But this does

not invalidate the argument. Extreme cases are quite plain: a mathematical treatise on the one hand, and a poem by John Keats on the other.

Now good literature is to be distinguished from bad by two tests, which, though not really separate, are distinguishable. The first question is, "Was the writer's experience worth having?" And the second, "Is his experience so recorded that the reader, by making a genuine effort, can live through approximately the same experience?" Some poems are bad, for example, because the experience the poet underwent was not worth while. Other poems are bad because, though the experience may have been worth while, the poet has failed to choose the right words in order to communicate that experience to the reader.

What experiences are of value? This is not a question of morality, as commonly understood. Poets often write about experiences that the ordinary person regards as morally evil. Novelists and dramatists may record experiences of their characters which we consider wicked. Shakespeare wrote one of his great tragedies about a singularly brutal murderer, Macbeth; and another of his plays about a pair of lovers, Anthony and Cleopatra, who, as the world judges, were far from prize-winners in a Sunday school. We must not apply a narrow moral test; and, above all, we must not apply it to *parts of a whole* poem or drama or novel. If it can be shown that the tendency of the *whole* is pernicious, then it must be conceded that the piece of literature is bad—that the experiences it records were not valuable.

Neither is it a question of *pleasant* experiences. One of the worst results of the amusement or entertainment theory of literature is that all books which contain unpleasant experiences are condemned out of hand. We must be hardier, more robust and courageous, about literature than those who wish only to be entertained. Many highly unpleasant experiences are nevertheless very well worth having; and, oddly enough, the realization of this cancels much of their unpleasantness.

Above all, it is not a question of the doctrines propounded in the work under consideration. We are constantly being told that a book is bad because the ideas in it are unsound: for instance, that Milton's theology is out of date and ridiculous; that Hardy's is not; that therefore Hardy's *Dynasts* is a better poem than Mil-

ton's *Paradise Lost*. That is to make a totally wrong approach to literature. The first thing to do is to accept the doctrines, the ideas, for the purpose of the reading; and then to see whether, given these doctrines, the experiences are valuable. You need not believe Shakespeare's political philosophy or Milton's theology for one moment longer than is necessary to the understanding and appreciation of the play or poem; but you must accept it for the moment. For in literature ideas are not necessarily of the first importance: they may be only the scaffolding to the experience, and, having got the experience, you may pull the scaffolding down when you wish.

An experience has value when it enlarges a man's capacity for further experience; when it marks a step forward, and not a mere marking time or a step backward, in the continual process of integration which is human development. By integration I mean organization, co-ordination. Mental life ought to be a continual integration of fresh material, just as physiological growth is a continual integration of fresh material.

You know what it is to organize a university class: one has to bring together a number of divergent individuals and get them to work together for a common purpose. They do not sacrifice their individuality—at least, not in a good class—but they co-operate towards a common end. It is more difficult to organize a whole university than a single class; it is more difficult to organize the whole educational system of a nation than a university; it is more difficult to organize the whole national life, and not merely the education. But the process is the same all the way up: it is a process of organization, of integration; bringing together divergent and superficially conflicting interests and making them work together for a common end. And that is the whole business of mental life—continual integration. As we very properly recognize a hierarchy in class, university, national education, and so on, and speak of the higher stages as of more value than the lower, so we must recognize a hierarchy of values in mental life, and consider the higher integrations as of more value than the lower.

Thus we may say that any experience that makes a higher integration possible is so far good, is so far worth while; and every experience that makes a higher integration more difficult is so far bad, is so far not worth while. Many of the poems of, say, Ella

Wheeler Wilcox, or Longfellow, or Alfred Noyes, are bad because they record experiences that are not worth having, that do not get you on to fresh experience at all, that clog the mind with stereotypes and rubbish.

Good literature is the imperishable record of new experience pointing forward—pointing, that is to say, towards higher integrations. When Shelley spoke of poets as the best minds, some of us may have made a mental reservation; we may have thought he begged the question. What do we mean by the best minds? We mean simply the best integrated minds. Poets have achieved a higher stage of mental integration than most ordinary mortals. Wordsworth called them 'men of more than usual organic sensibility', which is only putting the thing in slightly different words.

If literature is the embodied experience of the best integrated minds, the desirability of studying it is self-evident. For remember, the real study of literature is the attempt, as far as in us lies, to live through again the experience of the writer. But I put the matter higher than mere desirability. We neglect the study of literature at our peril. If we were all as highly organized, all as fully capable of the higher integrations, as the poets, we could afford to neglect their work: we should be our own poets. But alas! the vast majority of us are not so well endowed, and we can only reach the higher levels with assistance. We *need* literature. Its effect on us is primarily an enlargement of our experience, and with this we gain a higher degree of adaptability. For every genuine piece of literature is a unique thing: it has never happened before; it can never happen again. And so in reading, in studying literature, we are constantly coming upon the new, the unprecedented, the unexpected, which require from us new reactions, new adaptations. It develops in us precisely the alertness, the openness of mind, the readiness to respond in appropriate ways to new situations, which make for success in individual and national life. No other study does this one quarter so effectively. The study of philosophy develops in us a critical mind, a reluctance to accept any doctrine without critical examination—all the great and divine virtues of doubt. But philosophy, like science, is pre-eminently an affair of the intellect; it is, very properly, suspicious of all emotion. Literature attempts to gather up and hold *all* the ele-

ments of life; intellect and emotion, soul and body, mind and spirit, call them what you will; to hold, unify, organize, integrate all these elements in the one satisfying and complete experience.

The individual, the group, the nation, that neglects the study of good literature petrifies. It descends in the scale of organization, which is the scale of life, from the high alertness and responsiveness of the best minds, to the dead, flat, stereotyped, standardized stupidity of the worst.

by Robert Reid Lee

WHEN THIS DAY

Drunk with new knowledge we had yesterday
Denied all wisdom from a former age,
Proud of what seemed inexorable sway
Of universes by the printed page,

But sickening as always with pale doubt,
Finding in formulae no sure release,
Some seek an answer in crystals grown out
Of chiselled minds in golden days of Greece;

Some ask the shadowy mystics of the East,
And stare through Buddha's seeming clarity,
Or question Christian fathers, who at least
Proclaim their doctrines in tones bold and free.

Confessing debts to mystic, sage, and saint
Of other days, I, when this day is gone
Or ever it was here, shall heed the faint
First pangs that mark the cry of coming dawn.

by H. M. Gass

ROMAN VIRGIL

READ *Virgile in Aeneidos*, says Chaucer. This grave advice of the Father of English Poetry the world seems not to have needed. The body of the poet had lain but a short time in the stately tomb at Naples when his spirit entered into that sphere of immortal influence wherein live, in long succession, the great poets of all ages.

Within a very few years of Virgil's death, the *Aeneid* was drafted into the curriculum of Roman schools. Generations of Roman schoolboys grew up with their Virgils in their hands. They set the fashion for schoolboys ever since. Two thousand years of textbook service and still, to use Virgil's own description of the *portitor horrendus* of the Styx, alive with a "*cruda deo viridisque senectus*"! How many thousands, nay millions of young minds have grown to maturity, nourished in *pietas* on the familiar picture of the *pious* Aeneas who bears his aged father forth from the ruins of Troy while his youthful son, Ascanius, follows, "*non passibus aequis*"; nourished in the great thought of duty and submission to a destiny which shapes our ends, as they hear so often from the lips of Aeneas, at the cost of everything even of a great love, "*non sponte sequor*"; nourished in an appreciation of beauty and sublimity of thought, of deed, of language, of stately measure, which fill the great poem!

The streams of Virgilian influence down the ages are clear and deep. Through the schools they make their way into the hearts and minds of countless millions; through the currents of European poetry into the very warp and woof of the poetry of our own and other languages; through other channels, into our common speech, into our institutions, here and there at every turn.

It has been said that, in Parliament, Virgil is more often quoted than any author. Certainly, years of intimacy with Virgil and more especially with the *Aeneid* have left their indelible impress. A few of the most often quoted passages from the *Aeneid* may be called to mind: *Arma virumque cano* ("Arms and the Man", with

its many variations); *Forsitan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit* (as dear almost to every heart as "Auld Lang Syne"); *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*; *Dux femina facti* and *Varium et mutabile semper femina* (contradictory arguments in regard to woman, lovely woman); *Facilis descensus Averni*; *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur* (the motto of the *North American Review*); *Lacrimae rerum* (the Virgilian cry, the sense of tears in mortal things). On and on one might go and before an end could be reached, "*ante diem clauso componet Vesper Olympo.*"

Two thousand years ago the poet was born; this year the world unites to celebrate the bimillennium Vergilianum. Schoolboys, scholars, lovers of poetry, cultured people generally are pausing to pay their tribute. The nineteenth centenary had its Tennyson to immortalize the occasion at this twentieth centenary, humbler worshippers at the shrine, failing a Tennyson, may at least turn to that beautiful and inspiring invocation:

Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars and filial faith, and Dido's pyre:
Landscape lover, lord of language more than he that sang the Works and
Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;
Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse
and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word;
Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful fate of human kind;
Light among the vanished ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no more;
Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Caesar's dome—
Tho' thine ocean roll of rythm sound forever of Imperial Rome—

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

II

Contemporaneous with one of the most eventful eras in all history, Virgil's life was in large measure an uneventful one. It was not, however, in any sense lived out of or remote from the major currents of his time; on the contrary, Virgil was in large measure the product of his age and everything that Virgil created was essentially the expression of his age.

He was born in the town of Andes, near Mantua. His parentage was not distinguished although he certainly had sufficient patrimony to secure a sound education in the schools at Milan and to pass on at the age of eighteen to Rome, there to live a life of leisure devoted to study and the writing of poetry. His racial ancestry is uncertain; whether he was Etruscan, Celtic, or Venetian with Illyrian and Slavonic affinities, is a question that has never been decided. He was probably not born a Roman citizen, but this privilege was given him when the citizenship was given to the whole province of Cis-Alpine Gaul by Julius Caesar.

Of his first years at Rome we know little, although it is quite easy to generalize in regard to them. Always modest, even shy, with a certain rusticity of manner, and of delicate health, Virgil held himself aloof from public life which was sweeping into its maelstrom the vigorous young manhood of its day. He found, however, a circle of kindred spirits and with them he found encouragement for his slowly developing genius in the no less stimulating currents of Hellenistic literature and philosophy, in the shifting sands of which had to be laid the foundations of Roman culture.

Fortuitously, it seems, Virgil was dragged into intimate relations with what was rapidly developing into an Imperial Court. Through the fortunes of war, in 40 B. C., his paternal estates were confiscated but, through the influence of friends, restitution was made. An estate in Campania was given him and thereafter Virgil found himself under a kind of Imperial patronage which assured him prosperity and even considerable wealth for the remainder of his life.

The last years of his life, as the first ones, were peaceful years for the poet. There are two milestones along the way: the *Eclogues* in 37 B. C. and the *Georgics* in 29 B. C. Ten years remained, devoted entirely to the *Aeneid*, a work which he had long had in mind. As he became more and more absorbed in the engrossing topic of a great national epic, he withdrew himself almost entirely from the world. In the year 19 B. C., because probably of ill health and probably of a desire to drink at the Pierian Spring, he set out on an extended tour of Greece. He was taken ill at Megara and, before he could reach home, died at Brundisium.

The Aeneid had not had its last revision; in fact, Virgil expected to give three more years to the finishing touches. According to an ancient account, he begged on his deathbed that the manuscript be brought to him that he might with his own hand burn it. This his friends refused to do and it was only after the spirit of the poet had gone on its long way that the poem was given to the world.

III

In that last century before Christ, Rome was passing through the death agonies of the Republic and the birth pangs of the Empire. All the more extraordinary, therefore, was the peaceful course of Virgil's life when we think of the strenuous lives and the tragic ends of so many of his contemporaries, of Pompey, of Caesar, of Cicero, of Brutus, of Antony. It was almost impossible to avoid the terrific currents which swept to an untimely death so many even of those who wore the toga of peace. Of this Armageddon, this world war, Virgil writes in the Georgics:

. . . . both right and wrong
Lie mingled and o'erthrown. So many wars
Vex the whole world, so many monstrous shapes
Of wickedness appear; no honor due
Is given the sacred plough; our fields and farms,
Their masters taken, rankly lie untilled;
Our pruning hooks are beaten in hot flames
To tempered swords. Euphrates yonder stirs,
There wild Germania, to impious war;
Close-neighbored cities their firm leagues forswear
And rush to arms. The war god pitiless
Moves wrathful through the world.

The story of Rome is a familiar one. The Roman Republic, originally a small city-state with a population of farmers and tradesmen, occupying a tiny area on the lower Tiber, had early in its history developed a singular genius for war and colonization, for municipal organization and commerce. By successive steps, Rome extended her power over Italy and Sicily, Gaul and Spain, coming thus to the first great crisis in her march to empire. Across the sea lay Carthage challenging her claims to sway over the western Mediterranean. Out of those mighty struggles which we know as the Punic Wars, Rome emerged undisputed conqueror. Then

the lure of the East fell upon her councils. In quick succession those huge monarchies, the remnants of Alexander's empire, fell and the Mediterranean became a Roman lake.

But the price Rome paid was a high one: with the coming of power there passed away her older and nobler traditions of simplicity, patriotism, honor and all that was meant by Roman "*virtus*". The century that passed between the destruction of Carthage and the dictatorship of Julius Caesar is a record of immense material and territorial expansion, of corrupt and increasingly incapable government, of domestic dissensions and bloody civil wars. Clearer and clearer was revealed the inadequacy of the old senatorial government to the task of empire. A long succession of dictatorships and extraordinary powers granted to one individual to meet great crises indicated the only way out. Sulla, Marius, Pompey, Caesar,—all are significant and point with certainty to Augustus, the first Emperor.

And so, after a stormy century, peace came to Rome in the form of an empire. War-weary, blood-sated, Rome turned herself to the tasks of peace: "*pacis imponere morem*" and to launch upon its course the political and civil organization under which Europe was to live for more than a thousand years.

It is of this age that Virgil is the spokesman and so understandingly did he speak and so convincingly both to his own and subsequent ages that he has ever been and ever will be *Vergilius Romanus*. Out of the current but essentially of it, he is able to meditate upon its course and interpret it. Made by its forces and yet himself moulding them, he catches the vision and expresses it in words that could fail to fill no Roman with pride in his glorious destiny:

*His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono.
Imperium sine fine dedi.*

IV

There is another stream of influence which poured quite abundantly into Virgil's life and work. Of this stream, he was in like manner both the thing created and the creator, the servant and the master. The development of Latin poetry is the story of a process whereby it emerges from slavish imitation and translation of Greek masters into an art into which distinctive Roman elements have

entered and in which a high degree and kind of originality are manifest. Virgil's development is the development of Latin poetry in miniature.

It is not the purely Hellenic influence with which we are most concerned in Latin poetry; it is rather the Hellenistic influence. Down to the end of the fifth century the Greeks had cultivated and perfected those qualities which ever since have been comprehended under the term classicism: "a feeling for beauty realized with a sense of proportion and a fineness of taste." But with the conquests of Alexander and the fall of free Greece, the more limited horizon of the city state gave way to a wider vision embracing a world-wide interest and we see Hellenic culture yielding rapidly to cosmopolitan tendencies incident to an enlarged outlook and experience. Indeed the seeds of discord had already been sown by Euripides who rebelled against the restraints of the dramatic art and suggested before its day the romantic trend of Hellenistic art: the riot of unregulated emotion, the outpourings of distressed souls who cannot achieve the sanity and self-restraint of classicism.

The first impulse of Roman imitators was to classical models, to Homer, to Aeschylus, and in the case of Plautus and Terence to Menander. But from the second century on, the models are all Hellenistic. Rome had conquered the East, a swarm of Greeks, slaves and freemen, descended upon Rome and the floodgates were open to the tide of Hellenistic influence. This tide reaches its high point at the beginning of the first century B. C. and Latin poetry is, in large measure, a reproduction in Latin dress of Hellenistic poetry.

Of this period, one gift to Latin poetry was of inestimable benefit. The native forms of Latin verse were accentual not quantitative. The enormous labor of adapting recalcitrant Latin to Greek metrical forms and to quantitative treatment was largely the work of Lucretius and Catullus. The former more immediately affected Virgil in that he showed the possibilities of the hexameter in Latin—a verse which Virgil used exclusively and brought to so high a perfection that Tennyson can say of him:

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

V

Into such an atmosphere the young Virgil was plunged when at the age of eighteen he came to Rome. Such was his literary heritage and such was probably all the work of his formative period. Under the general head "Vergiliana", are included many poems, all of doubtful Virgilian authorship.

One dream of this period of his life it is of interest to note in passing:

My fondest prayer is that the Muses dear,
 Life's joy supreme, may take me to their choir,
 Their priest, by boundless ecstasy possessed.
 Their heavenly secrets may they show, the stars,
 Eclipses of the sun, the ministries
 Of the laborious moon, why quakes the earth,
 And by what power the oceans fathomless
 Rise, bursting every bound, then sink away
 To their own bed; why wintry suns so swift
 Roll down to ocean's streams: what obstacle
 Opposes then the lingering wheels of night.
 But if to such mysterious domain
 Nature debar my entrance, if the blood
 Flows not so potent in my colder breast,
 Make me a true lover of the field and farm,
 Of streams in dewy vales, of rivers broad
 And lonely forests, far from pomp and fame.

To write a philosophic epic in the style of Lucretius! There was no need of a Virgil to popularize the Stoic philosophy in Rome but such an epic from his pen would be indeed a worthwhile companion to the *De Natura Rerum*. This dream of Virgil was never realized but into the Aeneid he pours the full power of his Stoic creed and it stands as the embodiment of all that was noblest and best in that philosophic system.

One of the most characteristic of all Stoic principles finds its expression in the Aeneid: the idea of a Universal Empire which shall include not Romans but all men. In that unforgettable passage in the sixth book, the ghost of Anchises reveals to his son Aeneas a vision of the world as a moral order, the expression of an immanent reason. He concludes by revealing to the Romans the true character of their destiny as the vehicle of a supreme and universal law:

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera—
Credo equidem—vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hae tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.*

Let the others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend and when they rise.
But Rome! 'Tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war, thine own majestic way:
To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

The key to the character of Aeneas himself is certainly Stoicism. He is the individual who is perfectly free and at the same time perfectly necessitated. His is a life completely severed from outward conditions and freed of earthly trammels but likewise the organ of universal law. Hear Seneca's account of the Wise Man and see in him Aeneas:

Prosperity falls to the lot of the common herd and ordinary natures; but to overcome the calamities and disturbing vicissitudes of life is the peculiar privilege of the great man. . . . Whom God approves and loves, he hardens, trains, disciplines. . . . Fate lashes and bruises us; we should submit to it; it is not cruelty on the part of Fate; it is a good fight and the oftener we face it, the stronger we grow. The strongest part of the body is that which frequent use exercises; we should submit to fate that we may be hardened against the shocks of fortune by fortune herself. We learn to scorn danger by being constantly exposed to it. . . . Why are you surprised that worthy men are knocked about by life's vicissitudes to get strengthened by them. No tree is firm and sturdy unless the wind often beats against it. By the very shock it is bound fast and fixes its roots more firmly in the ground. The fragile trees are those that grow in sunlit valleys.

VI

But of the Aeneid, more in due time. The first product of Virgil's genius was not, in spite of his dreams, a philosophic epic but

the humbler poetry of the field and farm, the Eclogues and the Georgics.

The pastoral emerges suddenly in Greek literature in the third century and immediately reaches its perfection at the hands of Theocritus. To this poetic form, Virgil turned for many reasons. He was attracted to it undoubtedly by his early life in rural surroundings. He was also, quite certainly, seeking, in his return to nature, relief from the war-worn world, refuge from the decadent and partially exhausted civilization into which he found himself plunged.

There is no great originality in the Eclogues, and as pastoral poetry, they fall far short of the natural beauty and perfection of Theocritus who served as Virgil's model. None the less, the work brought Virgil immediate fame. A landmark had been reached. Through the imitation, which all recognized, there shone a tenderness and grace, a melodiousness of language, a beauty of phrasing which marked Virgil as the coherent and authoritative voice of a new era in Latin poetry.

One passage from the Eighth Eclogue, chosen by both Voltaire and Macaulay as their favorite passage in Latin poetry, will serve to illustrate the manner and tone of the Eclogues:

Through our own garden close I guided thee,
Thee a small maiden at thy mother's side,
In search of dewy apples. My twelfth year
Had scarce begun, yet standing on the ground
I reached and broke the bending bough for thee.
I saw thee and was lost, blind, mad, a slave!

Perhaps the coming of boyish love at first sight has never found a more simple and yet more effective expression.

By a strange chance, the least pastoral of all the Eclogues is the most famous. It is the fourth or so-called Messianic Eclogue. The poet sings:

. . . the birth of a child, under whom the iron brood shall first cease, and a golden race spring up throughout the world.
. . . He (the child) shall have the gift of divine life, shall see heroes mingled with gods, and shall himself be seen of them. But for thee, child, shall the earth untilled pour forth as her first fruits, straggling ivy with foxglove everywhere, and the bean blended with the smiling acanthus. Uncalled, the

goats shall bring home their udders swollen with milk, and the herds shall fear not huge lions; unasked, thy cradle shall pour forth flowers for thy delight. But soon as thou canst read of the glories of heroes and thy father's deeds, and canst know what valor is, slowly shall the plain yellow with the waving corn, on wild brambles shall hang the purple grapes and the stubborn oak shall distill dewy honey. . . . Next, when now the strength of years has made thee man, even the trader shall quit the sea, nor shall the ship of pine exchange wares; every land shall bear all fruits. The earth shall not feel the harrow, nor the vine the pruning hook. Wool shall no more learn to counterfeit the varied hues, but of himself the ram in the meadow shall change his fleece, now to sweetly blushing purple, *now* to a yellow saffron; of its own will shall scarlet clothe the grazing lamb. . . . Enter on thy high honors—the hour will soon be here—O thou dear offspring of the gods, mighty seed of a Jupiter to be! Behold the earth bowing with its mighty dome—earth and expanse of sea and heaven's depth! Behold, how all things exult in the age that is at hand!

Early in the history of the Church, the child of this poem was identified with Jesus Christ. Maro, the prophet of the Gentiles, becomes one of that long line of inspired ones who looked forward to the coming of God's son to redeem the world. Virgil is regarded as pre-eminently the "*anima naturaliter Christiana*", as the unconscious witness to Christ. It is not necessary to dwell on this notoriety which fell to the lot of the innocent poet. It is of profound interest, however, to hear his human voice "giving utterance", in Newman's beautiful words, "as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness yet hope of better things which is the experience of her children in every time."

In the Fourth Eclogue, speaks the Virgil of the Georgics and the Aeneid,—a Virgil emancipated from the petty trivialities of the pastoral and passing to the higher function of spiritual earnestness and patriotic endeavor; a Virgil grown out of slavish imitation of things Greek,—not done, to be sure with his Greek heritage but ready to transmute it into an eloquent and effective expression of the Latin genius; Roman Virgil, the voice of imperial Rome.

VII

Many currents of thought seem to meet in the Georgics. Patriotism,—love for a country torn and worn with civil dissension and

carried away with the madness of imperialism, but for all that the *patria* yet to fulfill a high destiny,—is prominent throughout.

But neither Media's groves, land of wondrous wealth, not beauteous Ganges, nor Hermus, thick with gold, may vie with Italy's glories,—not Bactra, nor India, nor all Panchaea, rich in incense-bearing sand . . . Teaming fruits have filled her and the Vine-god's Massic juice; she is the home of olives and of joyous herds. . . . Here is eternal spring, and summer in months not her own; twice the cattle breed, twice the trees serve us with fruits. . . . Think too of all the noble cities, the achievement of man's toil, all the towns his handiwork has piled high on steepy crags, and the streams that glide beneath those ancient walls. . . . She has mothered a vigorous breed of man, . . . the Decii, the Marii, the great Camilli, the Scipios, hardy warriors, and thee, greatest of all, O Caesar, who, already victorious in Asia's farthest bounds, now drivest the craven Indian from our hills of Rome. Hail, Land of Saturn, great mother of earth's fruits, great mother of men!

The marvellous heritage that is the farmer's if he will but claim it is set forth in the following well-known eulogy:

O happy husbandmen, too happy, should they come to know their blessings! for whom, far from the clash of arms, most righteous Earth, unbidden, pours forth from her soil an easy sustenance . . . theirs is repose without care, and a life that knows no fraud, but is rich in treasures manifold. Yea, the ease of broad domains, caverns, and the living lakes, and cool vales, the lowing of the kine, and soft slumbers beneath the trees,—all are theirs. They have woodland glades and the haunts of game; a youth hardened to toil and inured to scanty fare; worship of gods, and reverence for age. . . . Such a life the old Sabines once led, such Remus and his brother. Thus, surely, Etruria waxed strong, thus Rome became of all things the fairest, and with a single city wall enclosed her seven hills.

The dignity of labor is an undertone throughout,—a reaction caused no doubt by the sight of the long line of Rome's unemployed accepting the daily dole of corn or enjoying gratis the succession of Roman holidays. A cure certainly is suggested for the temporary turmoil and confusion by a renaissance of those earlier

virtues by which Rome was made supreme and as a result of the loss of which Rome seemed tottering on the brink of destruction.

Prosaic, and commonplace seem these pragmatic details of the life of the farm: bees, cows, horses, crops, dirt, dung. Pure didacticism, not poetry! Virgil's task it was and his achievement to "adorn with the flowers of poetry" this strange matter and to breathe into the whole a warm enthusiasm and a genuine feeling for the land and the life of those who live upon it. And the result, —a result of triumphant beauty,—was to embody in exquisite poetry an ideal life, at peace with itself and in harmony with nature.

With the Georgics, even Virgil himself seems to have been satisfied and he was his own sternest critic. How rigorous a demand the poet put upon himself in everything that he did, those well-known lines of Tennyson will recall:

Old Virgil, who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his reader's eyes.

Others have passed judgment on the perfection of the Georgics. Addison calls it the "most complete, elaborate, finished piece of all antiquity". Dryden, in no less glowing terms, says of it "the best poem of the best poet". A modern lover of Virgil says of it that it is "one of the few examples in art of attained perfection".

VIII

From the Georgics to the Aeneid is but a step. The Aeneid, of course, is Virgil, and Virgil is the Aeneid. It represents the dream of his life, often put into words, never lost sight of even in the interludes of Eclogues and Georgics, finally realized: "to sing of kings and battles".

First of all, one must consider the magnitude of the task undertaken by Virgil: to write an epic poem, in itself almost a contradiction in terms. Ancient epics such as the Iliad and the Odyssey were the unstudied products of a people whose natural mode of expression was poetic. They came into being in a manner from which artificial composition is as far as possible removed. They sprang, as it were, from the hearts of a people and represent to subsequent ages the true and living voice of that ancient world.

To the task of writing such a poem Virgil turned a high degree of conscious art. The result is, of course, not the same. No conscious effort by artist can ever achieve that spontaneity, that directness, that simplicity, that natural nobility of Homer,—qualities which lend themselves with equal ease to every mood of human life, which can render the vehemence of the dark passions, reflect the splendor of battle and shed a tender grace over the simplest and homeliest of scenes.

In other respects, however, the *Aeneid* bears comparison with its prototypes. Its majesty and sublimity have attracted the attention of all ages. It is expressed in the "stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man". It is fired with an exalted patriotism which must have filled the heart of every Roman reader with those very same sentiments of pride in race, in history and in destiny that came to the Greek as he read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It plumbs the very depths of the human heart, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, its loves and hates. Judged by every standard, the *Aeneid* is a great epic and one of the great poems of the world.

The story on which the *Aeneid* is based was not original with Virgil. It was firmly rooted in Roman tradition long before Virgil's day that the origins of Rome were connected with the story of a wandering band of Trojans who, after many vicissitudes of fortune, finally came to the Lavinian shore and built the high walls of Rome. Upon this simple story played all the forces of poetic fancy and myth-making powers of common folk until the story reached its final form as set forth in the *Aeneid*.

The twelve books of the *Aeneid* fall naturally into two divisions, the first consisting of Books I-V and the second of Books VII-XII, with Book VI as a sort of intermezzo. Part one tells of the wanderings of Aeneas and his faithful band of Trojans who, after three major episodes, Trojan, Carthaginian and Sicilian, arrive in time on the Italian shore. In the intermezzo, Aeneas, with the aid of the Golden Bough and under the guidance of the Sibyl descends to Hades to consult the shade of his father Anchises. There he has expounded to him the cycle of destiny. He sees pass before him the long pageant of his own descendants, the heroic figures of the Roman race, with a culminating vision of the establishment of a universal empire. Chastened and strengthened by his trials and

sufferings, Aeneas returns from Hades, consecrated to his higher task: the war and strife that is necessary to the founding of a city, a theme which fills the last part of the poem.

It was long the custom to regard the Aeneid as a sort of half-Odyssey, half-Iliad romance of adventure to which was tacked an epic of war. This unfortunate dichotomy overlooks the essential unity of the Aeneid and makes of the poem a sort of Janus-like Latin imitation of the two Greek epics. The true unity of the poem is, however, clearly to be seen in the conception of a hero, chastened by sorrow and triumphant over desire, initiated and consecrated to a high purpose by an apocalyptic vision, achieving and winning through to a glorious end which belongs to the divine order of the universe.

It is impossible to go into any great detail in regard to the Aeneid. A splendid whole though it is, the poem presents many conspicuous and entrancing details. There is that vivid story of the last agony of Troy found in Book II. Nowhere in all poetry has a picture been drawn, so tense, so thrilling, so haunting. Or one might take the account given in Book V of the funeral games held at the tomb of Anchises—a calm after the passionate interlude at Carthage into which is thrown the full strength of Virgil's poetic powers. The descent to Hades is the theme of Book VI wherein we have a veritable treasure of significant stones representing the eschatology of the ancient world and, by no means of least interest, the tantalizing and fruitful legend of the Golden Bough. Or there is that grand finale in Book XII, perhaps Virgil's greatest achievement in dramatic value, masterly construction and faultless diction for which he has reserved and into which he pours his whole power.

All these details, however, fade in interest and pale into insignificance before the tragedy of Dido, the theme of Book IV. The story of Dido and Aeneas was not original apparently with Virgil. He received it along with the other material which appears in the Aeneid but, under his touch, it has grown into one of those great romantic tragedies of which the world never tires. For the general scheme of the Aeneid, the episode was a significant one, suggesting as it did this first relationship between Rome and her arch enemy-to-be, Carthage. But over and above such significance,

the episode grew, perhaps unconsciously, in the poet's mind and in his romantic heart until, in human interest, in pathos, in sheer beauty, the Aeneid reaches thus early what is perhaps its climactic point. Dido is certainly Virgil's greatest creation and one of the greatest creations in all poetry. While she is on the stage, all else, even Aeneas, fades. Into her Virgil pours all his insight into the human heart and his sense of purely human tragedy.

As one thinks of the Aeneid, many lovely passages force themselves upon the mind, all worthy of quotation. One or two must suffice. There are many fine similes, notable among which is the following, inspired undoubtedly by a Roman street scene:

As when, with unwonted tumult, roars
In some vast city a rebellious mob,
And base-born passions in its bosom burn,
Till rocks and blazing torches fill the air
(Rage never lacks for arms)—if haply
Some wise man comes whose reverend looks attest
A life to duty given, swift silence falls;
All ears are turned attentive; and he sways
With clear and soothing speech the people's will;
So ceased the sea's uproar, when its grave Sire
Looked o'er the expanse, and riding on in light,
Flung free rein to his winged obedient car.

The following vision of the Elysian fields is most striking:

An ampler sky its roseate light bestows
On that bright land, which sees the cloudless beam
Of suns and planets to our earth unknown.
On smooth green lawns contending limb with limb,
Immortal athletes play, and wrestle long
'Gainst mate or rival on the tawny sand;
With sounding footsteps and ecstatic song,
Some thread the dance divine; among them moves
The bard of Thrace, in flowing vesture clad,
Discoursing seven-noted melody,
Who sweeps the numbered strings with changeful hand
Or smites with ivory point his golden lyre.

Or this vision that came upon the slumbers of Aeneas:

'Twas near the time when on tired mortals crept
First slumber, sweetest that celestials pour.
Methought I saw poor Hector, as I slept,
All bathed in tears and black with dust and gore,
Dragged by the chariot and his swoll'n feet sore
With piercing thongs. Ah, me! how sad the view.
How changed from him, that Hector, whom of yore
Returning with Achilles' spoils we knew,
When on the ships of Greece the Phrygian fires he threw.

IX

No person out of antiquity has had quite as varied a history as Virgil in subsequent ages, or played quite as many bewildering and confusing roles. Reference has been made to the Fourth Eclogue as a result of which Virgil became to the early Church a prophet of Christianity. The poet Statius read it and was converted to Christianity. Constantine quoted it as an argument for Christianity. Legend takes St. Paul to Virgil's tomb and in the fifteenth century there were still sung in the mass of St. Paul at Mantua these beautiful verses:

*"Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piae rorem lacrimae.*

*'Quem te', inquit, 'reddidissem
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime!'"*

To this picture of Virgil as master-prophet, we have to add the picture of master-magician. As early as the time of Hadrian, the custom of consulting the "sortes Vergilianae" had begun. The questioner opened a volume of Virgil at random and the first words that met his eye contained the answer to his query. The last person known to have consulted Virgil in this way was Charles I of England. The stages by which this magic power came to be attributed to Virgil are not clear; they are to be sought probably in the association of his name with the Italian Sibyl and in the knowledge he was supposed to possess of the underworld.

A third picture also appears: Virgil, the master teacher, the possessor of all wisdom. Virgil had so long been studied that the one small volume containing his works came to be regarded as a sort of compendium of all human knowledge.

X

As a result of these rather grotesque parodies, the real Virgil, Virgil the poet, was too many years lost sight of. It was the work of Dante to rediscover, behind all these disguises, the soul of the old poet and to vindicate him to the world as "the poet". Virgil was many things to Dante, master in style, teacher, faithful escort, fountain of all wisdom. But above all, to him he was the great

poet. Like Dante, therefore, we must tear away all disguises and look for Virgil the poet if we would estimate his true value to the world.

What is the function of the poet, asks Aeschylus of Euripides in *The Frogs*. To teach and to delight, is the answer of the younger poet, in which answer Euripides voices the classical Greek theory of art. Not, probably, from any conformity to this ancient theory, but inspired by that same moral earnestness which is the soul of Greek poetry, Virgil lays his art on the altar of service. Like all great poets, he fixes the essential truth and beauty which underlie the confused appearances of life. In that he fixes and represents that beauty which lies at the heart of things, Virgil delights. In that he sees and proclaims that truth which is equally at the heart of things, Virgil teaches, edifies.

Judged by many standards, Virgil is a Romantic. The *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* breathe the romantic spirit in that they represent a reaction against things as they are; in that in them the poet seeks in the inner experience a refuge from the turmoil and confusion of the outer experience. The *Aeneid* has many romantic elements: the wanderings of Aeneas, the beautiful story of Dido, the profound human sympathy that animates the whole and that breaks out in frequent cries from the poet's heart such as the beautiful "*lacrimae rerum*".

But Virgil is no distressed soul suffering from a mere riot of unregulated emotion. There is a clarity of vision, a classic poise and harmony, a self-restraint which pervades his whole work. In his conception of a reasonable and moral order in the universe, and of Rome as the divine agency for the realization of this order, he is able to "condense out of the flying vapors of the world an image of perfection" whose realization he announces.

There is romanticism in Virgil but it does not express itself in wild and unrestrained flights of imagination. There is idealism in Virgil but it does not spend itself in the vague and empty follies of the visionary. There is realism in Virgil resting in his profound insight into and understanding of human nature but it does not run to the extreme of naturalism. Virgil is truly a classic, in the sense that classicism is the health of art in which romanticism, realism, idealism and all the other humors that flow in the human spirit are found in their proper balance and proportion.

The final test which the work of Virgil must meet is the same which must be met by all literature. It must be judged before the bar of humanism. Literature reflects the significance of life. It carries from age to age the accumulated and sifted thought of the race and makes the man of any age the legatee of all the ages past. It affords man an indispensable means whereby he lifts himself by painful steps ever onward, upward, looking beyond his circumscribed horizon of here and now, knowing whence he comes, and whither he goes, moving boldly on to his tomorrows in the light of his yesterdays.

We of the western world are "*terque quaterque beauti*" in the possession of a proud literary heritage. The classics, said Kemal Pasha recently, are the "vertebral column" of Western culture. Our poets are pre-eminently significant. It is not given to the ordinary mortal to lift the veil and gaze upon the hidden truth and beauty which underlie appearances. We follow, they lead.

Virgil's forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Caesar's dome. But the significance of that age, whatever of truth or beauty there was in it, whatever of lasting human value, lives in the immortal record left us by Roman Virgil.

by C. E. Burklund

THRUST UPWARD, GRASS

Thrust upward, grass—
You will not reach the sky:
Over you leaps the mass
Of no less eager trees,
And hills, greater than these,
Lift high
But fail at last of the sky . . .

Thrust upward, grass,—
And die.

by Clinton Scollard

OF BOOKS

The books I love are these
Theocritus
Who mid Sicilian bees
Made song for us.

Chaucer: on him I dote,
Serene and sage,
Who, lipped with laughter, wrote
Of pilgrimage.

Shakespeare who knew mankind
From clown to king:
Ever in him I find
Much solacing.

Coleridge for magic: he
My soul can stir
With that strange mystery—
His Mariner.

Keats to enthrall, entrance:
On whom was shed
The light of high romance
To beauty wed.

Give me but these, and I
Can well beguile
Time as it lapses by
On my lone isle!

by Linton J. Keith

ONE HUMANIST TO ANOTHER

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

I AM almost persuaded by the honor of receiving your long and interesting letter of April 28 to join up with your cult of Creative Humanism at the first invitation. But before I can deem myself wholly deserving of the honor—and the invitation—I must clear up a little misunderstanding upon which, I fear, it fatally depends. Methinks, my most honorable and honoring sir, that you have been led by a motive which I shall not name to put a misconstruction upon the sentence which you quote from my last letter: "Since receiving your last letter and reading *Humanism and America*, I have begun to lean somewhat more definitely to your side." What I actually meant by the phrase "since receiving your last letter" was not what you thought I meant. I had reference merely to the recency of the change—"since" in its purely temporal meaning. You seem to have inferred that your letter was the cause of the change—"since" in its causative meaning. The mistake was really mine, however, inasmuch as I did refer to the cause in the same construction: "*Humanism and America*." Carelessly, I used "since" temporally in the first case and causatively in the second, thus confusing my meaning.

I do not deny, however, that your "dialectics" played some part in the result, although it was your essay rather than your letter that did it. After reading the Foerster symposium and seeing Humanism at its worst, I reread your essay¹ and began to think better of your own and others' criticisms. I have not come over to your side utterly, but in order to recover any part of my former sympathy with the movement, I have had to go back to *Rousseau and Romanticism* and *Democracy and Leadership*, where its essential meaning, as it seems to me, appears in its purest and most convincing form. Coming just at this juncture, *Humanism and America* is, I think, an unpardonable blunder. It seems to have been written to the order of its critics, so exactly does it exemplify what

¹ "Humanism and Scholarship", SEWANEE REVIEW, Jan., 1930, pp. 80-103.

they have been saying right along about Humanism. The book is narrow, dogmatic, biased, "legislative", self-contradictory, and in large measure disloyal to the basic principles of the Humanists themselves. The effect it has had upon me has been to make me want to rescue the philosophy of Humanism from the hands of its present advocates. I remain a Humanist but like Percy Houston whom you quote, I see I'm going to have "to take my Humanism with a difference."

The interest you have expressed in my own notions is of course extremely gratifying to me. I feel sure I shall never cease to thank you, both for the better insight into the subject of Humanism and for the personal encouragement your letter gives me to persevere in my search for a truly liberal and creative Humanism.

For, let me frankly confess (which I must do even though it mean the end of your interest in me) I am a person of no present consequence in the world at all—"a mere nothing" in the sight of those like yourself who have already arrived. I have yet to make my "arrival". Better said, I have yet to start. Your suggestion that I write an essay on Humanism for the magazine read by Cultivated People (which I take to mean *only* by Cultivated People) doesn't so much honor me as it does overwhelm me. Don't let there be any misunderstanding, you will have no competition for my essays, and the reason is not that I am exclusive either. So far my letter of February 19 represents the apex of my literary efforts, and if you have thought well enough of it to pay me the compliment implied in your promise to take an essay from my pen into serious consideration, I hasten to express my thanks and at the same time release you from your promise. Where is that journalistic acumen of yours that you offer space in your esoteric pages to a nonentity like myself? Or is that the price you have to pay for converts to your cult? If so, I warn you to reconsider, for what you propose is—who knows—to nurse a serpent at your breast. I might take you at your word and write something you couldn't refuse to print, and then after you had me safely "made", I might turn against you as certain of Mr. Babbitt's and Mr. More's former disciples have done.

But merriment aside, your suggestion does interest me, and if you are serious, I have just that much Emersonian self-confidence

as to believe I could do something not altogether unworthy of your publication. Being neither a professional writer nor a professional critic, but one of those ungodly creatures known as American business men, I occupy a somewhat different point of view toward Humanism than that held by the "professionals and academics" to whom the magazine controversy has until now been exclusively confined. In acknowledging my point of view, however, I do not claim to be typical of my class—I know too many business men (and too much about some of them) not to realize the anomaly of my interest in this subject. But nevertheless I am a practical man of affairs or rather a man of practical affairs, if you get the distinction! What has perhaps never occurred to you and the other combatants is that from the point of view of one like myself, the whole argument about Humanism seems to be waged too exclusively on the level of a family feud. What do you suppose George F. Babbitt cares about the hell of a rumpus his high-brow cousin Irvie has kicked up! If it ever came to his notice, his likely comment would be: "Irvie was always peculiar that way". All your attacks and counter-attacks—your dialectics and strategy—are only a little more relevant and interesting to the man in the street than the Siege of Troy. (I am now voicing the views of the typical business man, not my own, please bear in mind.) One reads magazines and comes away with the idea that all this excitement about Humanism is only another squabble between rival schools of criticism—or at most, of philosophy—such as idle folk are always hatching up to break the monotony of being too smart to work for a living. And it is not good can come from it. No one who is party to such controversies ever changes his mind as a result of criticism. The most that can come from the conflict now raging over Humanism is that some few minds not yet "made-up" will be led to think more deeply, and perhaps live more worthily, because of it. But not even that good will result so long as the controversy remains on its present Olympian heights. I do not mean that the issues involved should be popularized and made simple for the man in the street, or the woman in the sedan—quite the contrary, as I shall evidence in a later paragraph. But I do feel that what is needed more than anything else, assuming the desirability of a wider public, is for

the controversy to be made somehow available to non-professionals, who by their very interest in the subject will serve to make it something more than just another "battle of the schools". I do not, like Stuart Sherman, deceive myself with the vain belief that "what the average man now wants is the large-scale production and wide diffusion of science, art, music, literature . . . the best to be had," but I do seem to see good reason for believing, in the words of S. B. Gass, that "the times are ripe—if not rotten. And some philosophy, some way of life, will garner the windfall." There are many questioning minds, I am sure, that Humanism could reach and even benefit if it could only be shown as something highly relevant to the problems of real living.

I have been thinking along these lines for some little time, and in my more ambitious moments have even meditated earnestly over the idea of preparing an essay for THE FORUM illustrating this aspect of the matter. Monsieur Louis J. A. Mercier, with whom I have been corresponding, has filled me with the hope that such an attempt might not be unsuccessful, and with these words he has conferred his apostolic blessing upon the project: "You represent eminently the public we should reach, though I doubt that there are many in the non-professional world of your intellectual caliber". (Take note, the enemy is not unacquainted with the uses of flattery!) So far I have done nothing beyond making a few notes on the subject and am not eager to burst into print until I have given my ideas more time to take root and mature. While I am not exactly a raw fledgling in the great world (I am thirty-three), most of my time has been spent in other than literary and philosophical pursuits, with the result that I do not feel possessed of the depth of insight and ripeness of wisdom that would entitle me to a public hearing at this time. My temper of mind is just that self-contained that I am willing to wait some years yet before "coming into my own"—if ever! The thorough and scrupulous preparation with which More and Babbitt approached the writing of their books is an inspiration to anyone prizing depth before surface brilliance.

My interest and attachment to Humanism came about as an organic development of my personal experience. Thanks to a constitutional inability to lose myself in business, I set out several

years ago on an independent quest for a way of life that could engage and energize all the half-formed purposes and aspirations of my nature. Years before, religion had been dissolved for me by Lippmann's "acids of modernity". Need I say that religion in my case meant that prime School for Skeptics: Protestantism? For reasons many of which I have since come to know were not so good and sufficient as, in the flush of youthful arrogance, I was once so ready to believe, I went over body and soul to the camp of the "naturists". I nibbled on Nietzsche, swallowed Haeckel, choked on Mencken and was just on the point of losing forever my appetite for life itself when in a crucial hour I came upon Santayana's sonnet:

O world, thou choosest not the better part!
 It is not wisdom to be only wise,
 And on the inward vision close the eyes,
 But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
 Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
 Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
 To trust the soul's invincible surmise
 Was all his science and his only art.
 Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
 That lights the pathway but one step ahead
 Across a void of mystery and dread.
 Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
 By which alone the mortal heart is led
 Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

To say that this sonnet, profound and inspiring though it be, was of itself sufficient to turn the course of events for me, would be to indulge in "romantic" hyperbole. But as title piece for a book which made a decisive impression on me about this time (*The World and Its Meaning*, by G. W. Patrick) this sonnet came during a brief but auspicious period to stand for that side of life which in the most religious days of my youth had seemed so little more than a vague promise of things yet to come—not a present reality—, and which in my later naturistic one-sidedness had seemed equally futile and visionary whether as a future or a present reality.

Step by step, through Will Durant, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, Walter Pater, Lewis Mumford, Warner Fite, I ascended from the Inferno of Naturalism, always drawn on by the beatific

vision of a purer truth somewhere—not in Paradise, however, but right here on earth. For more than half the distance my ascent lay along the path that leads to God and Religion, but I never doubted that the end toward which I tended was an earthly rather than a heavenly one. Through all my disillusion with naturism and my growing willingness “to trust the soul’s invincible surmise”, I have not yet lost faith in the possibility of a purely human definition of the *summum bonum*. Not in another, hypothetical, world to come, but “here and now” must be found, if ever, the real goodness of the good life, and so it was out of the determination to exhaust every possibility of finding that goodness here in the only world I knew that I turned—after other ways had been found wanting—to the study, and at last the practice, of Humanism. And while my conception of Humanism is still an evolving one, leading me to I know not what eventual conclusions, the direction of its growth seems toward a more abundant faith in the possibility of a purely human salvation, as opposed to salvation by divine grace.

My immediate approach to Humanism was by way of Pater and Ellis. But as long ago as 1921, before I had either sunk to the depths of Naturalism or discovered the way out offered by æstheticism, I had taken the first step toward my present humanism. In January of that year I made this entry in a sort of journal I was keeping:

The whole of life for me! My interests, my hopes, my loves, my dreams, my enthusiasms—may they be as broad, as deep, as lofty, and as strong as Life Itself. Nothing to the exclusion of aught else! My heart and my mind are open to the responses of life in all its phases. No interest, no enterprise, no aspirations in which men find living value are to be denied my sympathy. Universality of being, balanced personality—that is my ideal of Success.

So the first element of my humanism, as proclaimed more than nine years ago, is “universality of being, balanced personality.” And during the succeeding years I sought more or less systematically to base my career upon this experimental principle of self-expansion. As recently as April, 1927, I was still able to sum up my whole philosophy in Rousseau’s famous words: “To live is not merely to breathe, it is to act; it is to make use of all our organs, senses, faculties, of all those parts of ourselves which give

us the feeling of existence. The man who has lived longest is not the man who has counted most years, but he who has enjoyed life most." Taking this passage as text for a speech on the universality of Leonardo da Vinci, I pushed my argument to its natural (and also "naturalistic") conclusion by ending with the conclusion of Pater's *Renaissance* in which occurs the exhortation "to burn always with this hard, gemlike flame". So, like most of my contemporaries, I have had my Pater period, during which I yielded myself to the tendency observed by Allen Tate in "Confusion and Poetry";² the tendency of every morality without religion to find a basis in art or science. Tate's whole article is especially relevant to my case of a few month's back. For in a letter dated January 7, 1929, expounding my then philosophy of Life as Art, I based my position on the same "minimum belief in mere existence" that Tate finds at the base of Yvor Winters's thought. "Like a masterpiece of art," I wrote, "Life is an end unto itself. . . . It is neither necessary nor profitable to look beyond life for its justification. It is itself the justification for every real 'good' there is." How much unmitigated mysticism lies in that naive attempt to escape mysticism, I little realized at the time, although I was already in possession of the second element that was to enter into my humanism.

For I had come to see that self-expansion could never—for me at any rate—be a complete philosophy. Sooner or later I believe, anyone pursuing that end in an experimental way must face the realization that life is too short to expand in all directions that offer themselves to one living in the modern setting. Only self-frustration and chaos can result from the attempt to be indiscriminately universal. Some principle of selection—some purpose in life—there must be to coördinate and reinforce one's expansive impulses. That new wisdom I had already incorporated into my view of Life as Art: "The multiplicitous aspects of life, if they are not to result in what William James has called a 'big blooming buzzing confusion', must be organized in accordance with the artistic principle of Form and Unity."

From its very inception this idea has been greatly influenced by Nietzsche, as you have no doubt already recognized, though

² SEWANEE REVIEW, April, 1930, pp. 133-149.

probably less by Nietzsche directly than by the presentation of Nietzsche which I had found some months before in *The Philosophy of Nietzsche* by A. Wolf of the University of London. Just at the point when I was most susceptible to such a limiting conception, I came upon Wolf's interpretation of the superman as "the fullest possible realization of a complete, self-reliant personality", such as I myself had set up in imagination. What was new and revelatory to me in this interpretation was the principle of harmonious organization. "Now man, according to Nietzsche, is a bundle of instincts, or impulses, or centres of will power, more or less organized. Consequently the more such instincts a man has, and *the more completely they are organized*, the fuller and better will his life be." How well this reveals Nietzsche's real meaning, I am not yet in position to say. But coming at the moment it did in my development, I was ready and over-ready to believe that it was what Nietzsche ought to have meant if he didn't. For it was as important a revelation as any that has affected my thought.

It probably would give Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More severe pain to learn that Rousseau, Pater and Nietzsche have been organic factors in my conversion to their own kind of Humanism. Nietzsche's affirmation of free will: "we can act as the gardeners of our impulses"—combined with the principle of harmonious co-ordination which Wolf rightly or wrongly found at the heart of the superman, was, if not the sufficient cause, the main influence in preparing my mind for later acceptance of Humanism.

One step was still lacking at this stage before I was ready for Babbitt and More. It was soon thereafter supplied by a study of Goethe upon which I was rather desultorily engaged at the time. While, under the influence of the Nietzsche-Wolf superman, I had come to realize the necessity of a unifying principle set at the center of my expansive activities, and had found that center in the Arnoldian "pursuit of perfection", it was not at all clear to me at first what the exact relationship was to be between such a center and the surrounding activities. For a time, probably while still under the influence of Nietzsche, I conceived the function of the co-ordinating principle to be that of effecting a purely esthetic harmony of ends—in other words, that of overcoming the discords resulting from impulses working at cross-purposes to one another.

And I therefore set out on paper to organize myself around what I termed "The Whole-Man Ideal", expressed in the following credo written in September, 1928: "I believe that the highest end any man has power to set for himself is the ideal of complete human perfection—to possess all the powers and faculties common to humanity, to cultivate them harmoniously to their highest consummation; and to employ them for the greater happiness of himself and others." But as I continued to think on the problem I had thus set myself in theory, more and more I came to feel that the crux of the theory—in its actual working out in practice—lay not in the question of the end toward which my efforts were to be directed,—for of course, any end would demand some organization of impulse. The crucial question, as I came eventually to see, is: how are "all the powers and faculties common to humanity" to be brought into subordination to one ruling purpose?

We mortals are so prone to rest our efforts on merely theoretical solutions. I know, for I catch myself so often thinking "Well, that is solved", when all I may have done was to recognize that if I were to accomplish a given result I should have to do so and so. Such theorizing is all very fine, so far as it goes, but we don't arrive at ends simply by naming their means. In the first place what one takes in theory for the best means to an end may not actually be so in practice. (This is, I believe, a large part of the cause for the differences between the Humanists and the Anti-Humanists. There is less disagreement about the ends than about the means necessary to their attainment.) In the second place, though one's choice of means may be the very best, attainment is often made difficult by certain powerful and unruly impulses which refuse to obey a purely intellectual behest. "Every instinct is a sort of thirst for power", wrote Nietzsche: "each has its point of view, which would fain impose upon all the other instincts as their norm". If this is true as between instincts (and I see no good reason for denying it), how much more true must it be as between an instinct on one hand and a rational purpose on the other? We are all more or less Shelleys in our tendency at the time of doing a thing to judge ourselves right. Let any impulse or motive get us in its grip and all our valuations for the time being are sure to be colored by its "point of view". The ethical problem, at least for one like myself who does not believe

himself naturally perfect, and yet who values perfection before all other ends, is to gain the needed mastery of himself that will enable him to impose order upon the expansive tendencies of his nature. Such a problem is of course artificial to "eine schöne Seele" who believes that his tendencies can work out their own harmony if left to themselves. And indeed I meet many such among my business associates, who think it is enough that an impulse be "natural"! Was it not the chief of business men, John D. Rockefeller, who turned avarice into Christian piety in his late dictum that it is our duty to become rich?

Thus I had sooner or later to realize, and I believe anyone in truly experimental pursuit of the good life must come finally to realize, that the existing pattern of our natures is neither necessary nor ideal. Change this pattern we must if we are to grow toward the worthier ends which we conceive for ourselves, whether they be happiness, duty, love, immortality, or what not. But change means, besides an end, a power with the strength to impose an ideal pattern upon one's existing nature. Such a power some find, I am told, in divine grace. Perhaps so. To me, however, the dogma of goodness by divine grace is no less incredible than the opposite dogma of goodness by nature. I prefer to be only half-right, whatever dogma is the true one, by making it my philosophy to be good "on purpose", than to risk being wholly wrong as one does in holding fast to any extreme.

As I have been able to reason it out, the only power on the purely human level that can exercise such authority over impulse and instinct and insolent reason is—Will. Of course it was no great step for a former follower of Nietzsche to elevate Will to the central position. The only difficulty therein encountered was the question of how the Will was to function. Assuming the recognition of one's aim in life, assuming too an abundance of vital expansive energy capable of direction to that end—What was to be the rôle of Will? Obviously not the weighing of facts or the rendering of judgments. That belongs to the thinking part. Perhaps the right use of Will then is in animating, stimulating, and energizing impulse and emotion. Undoubtedly somewhat can be done to strengthen feeble impulses by pure volition. But it is by no means certain that the unassisted Will can exercise much positive influence over the conative side of one's nature. The dynamic

function belongs naturally to the vital expansive energy of which every healthy person is normally possessed. The function of the Will, as I am able to see it with my limited understanding of psychology, is not to create energy but rather to control its expression. This it can do by blocking certain outlets and thereby diverting energy to others. The Will's true function is the *control* of vital expansive energy to the end that this precious energy of which so few of us have enough may not be dissipated in excessive impulses but directed to the attainment of higher ends. The Will is therefore creative in its total effect, although from the point of view of the expansive energy its function is primarily negative and repressive.

At about this point Goethe entered powerfully into my thought with his illuminating experience of "a more definite sense of limitation and thereby real expansion", and I came to see for the first time that "the man who would be of use to himself or others must set bounds to his self-will, and with clear insight shape his life to worthy ends."

I think you will agree that I was by now ready and ripe for Babbitt and More. You will put me down as hopelessly benighted when I tell you that until the FORUM came out with essays by More and Babbitt in January and February, 1928, I had never heard of these two gentlemen. My acquaintance with Humanism has therefore been of brief duration, and it was scarcely one year ago that I became interested enough to take up the study in real earnest. During the last several months however Humanism has been the constant object of my spare-time occupation. I shouldn't be surprised if it continues so for quite some time to come, since it is much more to me than a school of literary criticism. It is a complete philosophy of the good life, and to my way of thinking, the only way of life that can combine the purely human values of religion with the methods and values of modern science. A reconciliation is going to be arduous and precarious at best, even between Humanism and Science. Between Religion and Science it is, I believe, destined to be forever impossible. The examples of Whitehead, Millikan, and others merely prove that impossibility. As Walter Lippmann fully demonstrated in *The Preface to Morals*, if such a reconciliation ever takes place it must be between a religion on the one hand and a science on the

other so little resembling the present popular conception of both as to be no genuine reconciliation at all. Therefore I look to Humanism, rather than to Catholicism or any other form of supernaturalism, to be the dominant temper of our future civilization. But I know it does not matter what I think. Civilization will take its own course without respect for what anyone thinks.

I have never been able to accept the Humanists' position *in toto*, especially their entirely gratuitous assumption of metaphysical dualism. The exact position of the Humanists on this question of dualism is extremely hard to find, and after considerable search for it I am forced to admit the large element of confusion in which this, their central conception, is involved. At times they seem to mean by "dualism" nothing more than the kind of psychological duality which I have sketched above. Thus Robert Shafer in *What is Humanism?*²: "Man is born with a divided nature. There is a conflict within him between impulse and judgment, between a worse and a better self, between passion and restraint. . . . The acceptance of this dualism is the distinctive attribute of the new humanism." Viewed in this common-sense way, it is possible to take the position that this dualism is not final, that a deeper insight into human nature will reveal an essential oneness underlying this apparent dualism. I personally have a strong suspicion that the latter view is correct. Fundamentally, not only man, but reality in the large, is one and the same. But practically—that is, ethically—the oneness is not of so great importance as the twoness, simply because it is not given us—in our present state of knowledge, at least—to know what the nature of that oneness is. Psychology may eventually be able to give us a true conception of it, although I think we have need of extreme caution in taking the discoveries of psychology seriously. At any rate, the findings of psychology have so far not resulted in anything we can safely accept as final and authoritative, and we have no better ground for our belief in the essential oneness of human nature than that of logical credibility. Meanwhile we know that in the actual conduct of life our inner duality is ubiquitous. In practically every situation of our daily existence, we have, if we are fully conscious of its significance, to take account of these

² *Virginia Quarterly Review*, April, 1930.

two aspects: what is it we immediately want, and what is it we ultimately want. The function of the "frein vital" is to resist the "lower immediacy" sufficiently to give the "higher immediacy" an equal chance in the eventual choice. Therefore, the assertion of dualism becomes a matter of sound ethics. To deny it, unless it be for the sake of the underlying oneness, is to incur the risk of living wholly on the level of one's immediate, uncriticized impulses, and that is the direction taken by unrestrained naturalism. Socrates laid the basis of humanism in his much-quoted maxim: "the uncriticized life is not fit for h-u-m-a-n living". The Humanists are on solid ground, I believe, in this matter of Ethical Dualism.

But when they begin to talk of "law for thing" and "law for man" as though they represented a cleavage of reality, I lose contact with their thought. If their meaning is that expressed by Stuart Sherman in the Introduction to *On Contemporary Literature*, I think they are still on solid ground. "It is not according to the tendency of clay to become a pot or of wood to become a table, but it is of the very essence of the artisan and the artist to overcome the tendency of wood and clay. It is according to the nature of an animal to preserve its own life and to reproduce its species, but it is of the essence of a man to lay down his life out of reverence for his great-grandfather and to check the impulse to indiscriminate reproduction out of consideration for his great-grandson. The impulse to refrain we can find nowhere in nature. It is part of the pattern or design of human society that lies in the heart of man". Indubitably there is that measure of distinction between "law for thing" and "law for man". But when the Humanists impute metaphysical significance to the distinction I believe they should be reminded of Sherman's other definition (from the same book): "Society's laws are not statements of observed relationships among forces; they are the forces themselves—the shaping, creative energy of the special human impetus."

The law of thing is, from a human point of view, objective and determinate. But the law of man is a human structure which man in his expanding career is ever seeking to complete. It is therefore an evolving law, capable of almost endless progression. Therefore, when they speak of it as belonging to the same metaphysical

category as the laws of nature, the humanists, I feel, undermine their own position and thereby force themselves by a false dilemma into a too ready acceptance of supernaturalism. I say they undermine their own position. What I mean is this: Their position rests upon belief in free will and purpose as the traits that fundamentally distinguish man from thing. But if man is subject to a metaphysical law of the same immutability as the law for thing, where, one may justly ask, does free will enter in? Paul Elmer More has pointed the only answer to this question in his *Bookman* (March, 1930) article: "Will not the humanist, unless he adds to his creed the faith and the hope of religion, find himself at the last, despite his protests, dragged back into the camp of the naturalist?" But I object to this unwarranted reduction of the humanist's situation into a choice between naturalism and supernaturalism. I feel that the dilemma could have been avoided by recognizing the law for man, not as something over which man has no control, not as a fixed immutable relationship among forces, as Sherman would say, but as the creation of the forces themselves working through as well as upon human purposes and human intelligence.

You can see from the foregoing that my views agree with the critics about as often as with the Humanists. I must confess to a very considerable degree of mistrust with regard to the Humanist position on religion. Although I have long since outgrown my earlier contempt for things spiritual and regard such men as Barnes and Mencken as instances of arrested development, still I am not ready to admit that my turning away from religion was not on the whole a forward and upward step. I may end up by returning to the arms of Jesus (I don't think so, although some of my friends secretly prophecy it). Certainly, I am not pursuing any policy of burning my bridges behind me. But one fixed principle I clearly and firmly hold: my views on this question of religion must change organically or not at all. By that I mean there will never be any sudden transformations in my philosophy. Each succeeding position must follow by gradual, if not always perceptible, progression, and I must feel that my direction is toward greater rather than loss self-responsibility.

But after saying all this, I remain in great uncertainty concerning the necessary relationship between Humanism and Religion.

If L. J. A. Mercier is right in calling Humanism a half-way house to religion, I shall not summarily dismiss the subject, as some of my acquaintances already have, but I shall recognize the need of added caution and circumspection in my continued acceptance of its point of view. For I feel that unless Humanism is something better than Religion it has all too little excuse for existing and should be known as quickly as possible for what it is. I am more than willing to allow that there may be far greater truths in religion than I have yet seen the light of. But mindful of the facility with which credulous man can mistake cloud rifts for sunlight, I proceed on the cautious theory that one cannot be too critical of what comes to him in the deceitful garb of truth.

At the same time I am humanist enough in my fundamental sympathies to stand on the side of religion against those who mistakenly exalt science to the seat of honor. One of my favorite reiterations is that "a life limited to what we positively know must necessarily be a very, very poor sort of life." Instead of joining in the chorus of praise for what science has taught us, I am constantly being reminded, as I go about in the difficult attempt to live the good life, how little it has been given us of value in this our major occupation. Aside from a little positive verification of old truths and the overthrowal of a few old errors, what has it done? I am seriously asking for one example where science has added to our understanding of what is worth-while in the world around us. We are still compelled to rely almost entirely upon intuition, checked of course by logic and common sense, for all our important valuations and judgments. Therefore, I maintain that so long as that condition exists (which may be forever) there will be need—in truth, the greatest need—for an ethics of affirmation and intuition, perhaps even for an ethics of revelation, although my own opinions incline otherwise. I base my own philosophy upon what, to be perfectly honest, I can call by no better name than an "intuitive preference". To call it an "hypothesis", as one of my logic-conditioned friends insists on doing, is to lay claim to a freedom from subjective personal reference that I know I do not possess and doubt that anyone else can possess. We only deceive ourselves, I believe, when we regard our valuations as anything but the more or less conscious expressions of intuitive preference.

The utmost we can do to approximate truth is to insist at all times that our preferences be the highest available to us and to check them unceasingly against the fact of our experience. Gradually from a process of this sort arise what may be called social intuitions, representing, in so far as they meet the test of experience, what is perhaps the nearest approximations to truth it will ever be humanly possible to achieve. It is to the testing and dissemination of these social intuitions as embodied for us in the literature, art, philosophy, religion and science of times both past and present, that humanism would have us turn our first attention, recognizing that there is nothing better to do in the absence of more reliable means for unbaring the truth. Twenty years ago when Babbitt and More first began to call attention to the limitations of science in the sphere of human values, there were no Whiteheads, Eddingtons, or Einsteins to acknowledge these limitations in the name of science itself. They were roundly denounced as fanatics, just as they are still derided for what, if the present trend in scientific circles continues for another twenty years, will soon be recognized as their advanced attitude on the sphere of science in the domain of human values. The direction of the trend science is taking is too obvious to call for much comment. Whether the present critics of *Humanism and America* ever recognize it or not, the fact probably is that for some time to come science is destined to play less and less part than hitherto in the determination of such fundamental matters as the source and sanction of values, the relationships between individuals, and the whole problem of human conduct. That is not to say however that it must play no part, and in so far as the authors of the humanist symposium actually meant to raise up ethical barriers to science, they are deserving of all the abuse they have brought upon themselves. The reason the field of human values belongs primarily to the Humanists (and Religion, if one can go so far), is not that any group of men say it must, but because there are no better means available for cultivating those values. It is not because science is naturalistic that its rôle is minimized in the program of Humanism. It is simply because the service science is qualified to render is not comparable to that to be had from methods which science tends to displace. When science becomes humble enough to know its

own true place, the humanists will be found ready, I believe, to admit that it has a genuine and important function to fill. Until then, anyone able to take a large view of the issue must regard with no small degree of sympathy the Humanists' assertion of priority.

I have made it a point of honor to read as much of the criticism of Humanism as I can find time for. For my first loyalty is to my own idea of the good life, and if Humanism is really as bad as it is painted, I am bound by own basic principles to cast it over and search for something better. For I have not departed from my original ideal of a perfectly balanced personality and I am determined to rest with nothing less than the fullest possible conception of the good life. In pursuance of that ideal, as related above, I have found it necessary to enlarge my view sufficiently to take in a principle of selection and control—"a will to select and to reject", as J. C. Powys puts it. But if, even with this important agreement, I become convinced that Humanism is a narrowing doctrine, then I know I shall feel in principle bound to go beyond Humanism to something broader and more humane. Hence I follow the critics in all their more or less successful attempts to dispose of something they do not understand. When Henry Hazlitt, for instance, parrots the common mind in his statement: "the insistence is always on the purely *negative* virtues", I know he simply does not understand Humanism and govern myself accordingly. For the precise thing about Humanism, as I can testify from my own experience, is that from the Humanist's own point of view "the will to refrain" is the most positive factor in any situation where it applies. To talk of it as negative is to read one's own naturistic repugnance to restraint into the Humanist's feelings.

From the standpoint of a practising Humanist—that is, one exercising upon occasion a will to refrain over his natural impulses—from the standpoint of such a one, all this hue and cry over "anxious negatives", as Lewis Mumford puts it, is just so much wasted breath, the parting shot of expiring naturism. To be sure, if one persists, as do the Naturists, in identifying oneself with the part being restrained, then the will to refrain must indeed appear negative and repressive. But it is precisely because of its

prone to identify the self with the impulses which must be repressed and controlled in the interests of the individual as well of society that Naturism is abhorrent to a Humanist. Once one rises to Humanism, which he may by learning to identify himself with the power that does the restraining, the much misunderstood "will to refrain" comes to appear, as I have already said, as the most positive factor in any situation where it applies. Therefore to raise the tocsin of negation, as most of the critics do in one connection or another, is, from the humanist point of view, simply to betray the fact that one is not fully weaned from the naturistic pap on which he was reared.

Now if anyone chooses to locate his real identity within his natural self, I am all for letting him do so. And of course as a corollary of the privilege it is to be expected that he will try to tell me that I am negative and repressive when I prefer to establish my own self-identity within the part that restrains. But so far as his opinion refers to me, it simply doesn't "register". For I do not feel the frein vital as the negative thing he calls it. When I do exercise this control over my vital expansive energy (and goodness knows my need is to exercise it more, not less) I am conscious of being the one that *does* the controlling. To tell me that I am acting negatively at such a moment is completely to mistake my real state of mind. The imposition of an inner will upon impulse, contrary to the belief of objective psychology, is a *positive* action. It is the uncritical acceptance of impulse that from a humanistic point of view is negative and repressive of the best self.

But the Humanist does not end with this identification of self with "the immortal essence that presides". What he holds before him as his end is the ideal of a perfected personality in which these two parts, the natural and the moral, are brought into final integration. As Mr. Babbitt has phrased it, "The Humanist exercises the will to refrain, but the end that he has in view is not the renunciation of the expansive desires but the subduing of them to the law of measure." This passage can be fully understood only in conjunction with Mr. Babbitt's favorite quotation from the sayings of Confucius: "At seventy I could follow what my heart desired without transgressing the law of measure." As Babbitt further says: "The humanistic worker may thus acquire

at last the spontaneity in right doing that the beautiful soul professes to have received as a free gift from 'nature'". This spontaneity in right doing can of course result only from the practical resolution of one's inner duality into a final integration of character, and it is this ideal character that the Humanist pursues as his end.

Now from the higher point of view of this ideal personality both elements of the duality are indispensable, and the humanistic problem is therefore a question of the right relationship between them. To surrender to impulse is to deny the problem. To face the problem and humanistically endeavor to subdue one's impulses to the law of measure, instead of being a negative procedure, is from the ideal point of view with which the humanist ultimately identifies his Higher Self, of the utmost *positive* importance. To struggle is obviously more positive than to submit, but it is just the nature of the struggle that the "negative" critics of Humanism misunderstand. They think of it as being a struggle between the individual and his environment. Admittedly the restraints which one suffers from one's environment are felt negatively. But the restraints which are self imposed are positive helps to the attainment of one's Higher Self.

I look upon Lewis Mumford as the most promising of the younger critics and cannot think of him but with gratitude in my heart for what I derived of good from *The Golden Day*. But, for all that he recognizes the significance of organic or total personality, he nevertheless cants of "negative" and "restrictive", like any other Naturist. Is it because he has never had an experience of the positive satisfaction which comes from the exercise of self-control that he does not perceive its intrinsic superiority over the gratifications of natural impulse? From my point of view, he has to be answered from a position broader, theoretically, at least, than he has so far given evidence of occupying. His inability, or stubborn refusal, to admit the positive value to the good life of the principle of self-control marks his outlook as essentially narrower than that which he presumes to criticise. I can enter into Mumford's position with considerable appreciation because, on a greatly reduced scale, I have gone through a similar stage in reaching my own philosophy, and from my own point of view, Humanism is an improvement over Mumfordism. And the reason is, it offers a deeper and richer personal development.

Humanism may be fruitfully criticized from the outside, and no Humanist by definition can afford to make little of any serious attempt, from whatever source, to disclose the weaknesses of his position. I can personally testify to the maxim that one has more to learn from his critics than he has from his colleagues. I am indebted for much of my own mental development, such as it is, to the circumstance that the majority of my friends have been severely critical of my philosophical notions. The long-continued endeavor to defend my views against their attacks has unquestionably been a greater stimulus to me than the acquiescence of any number of sympathizers could ever be. And so I believe that a great many critics outside of Humanism, ready at every opportunity to pick a flaw in it, must be accounted one of its strongest assets. Humanism, if it knows what is for its own best interest, will invite criticism, and the more diverse the better. The "golden mean" can only be fully determined with reference to the surrounding extremes. We cannot spare any of the critics.

But if one's aim is to achieve breadth and balance, he can hardly afford to limit himself to any one point of view. His ideal should be to occupy as many points of view as possible and thus work toward the central-most view which includes them all. While he will welcome what the extremists have to say about Humanism and will strive earnestly to extract the value from their way of thinking, he will not forget that he himself belongs at the center—that is, inside Humanism—and that the only criticism to which he can give his full consent is that which attempts to weigh the Humanists from a position still more central than their own. On that basis he will gradually learn to put the critics of Humanism in their proper place with reference to their subject. He will recognize that most of them are looking at Humanism from the outside. A few—a very few indeed—are able to see it from within. Canby is one, although I am not sure how much of Canby's apparent centrality is really humanistic. Irwin Edman sometimes writes from what seems to be a position inside his subject. Certainly, the tendency of his "vision" is toward centrality. The same is true of Granville Hicks (I regard his review of *Humanism and America* in the *Forum* as one of the best the book has received). Lewis Mumford in his recent articles for the *Saturday Review* has also pointed a central path for criticism of the subject, although

his good work is somewhat impaired to my way of thinking by a certain air of injured dignity (will he never forgive Humanism for the set-back it has given his rising prestige?).

And except for the taint of antinomianism in your own position I should have to place you very near the center. Even as it is, I think that your exposition of Creative Humanism in the April 1 *Creative Reading* is about as near the center as it is possible to get. Insofar as your kind of Humanist really does possess a "greater curiosity concerning the infinite possibilities of the powers of man", you have my heartiest approval. And your greater sympathy for "humanitarian programs and movements" certainly marks an enlargement over the Babbitt-More attitude in this respect.

Percy Houston's essay or letter, should be exceedingly interesting too.* From what little I know of him, I identify him with the central position inside Humanism which I am in search of. The perfect example of centrality I have yet been able to discover is Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., whose article in the current *Atlantic Monthly* is the finest piece of criticism the movement has yet had. Beside such perfectly poised and all-comprehending sympathy, the efforts of an Edmund Wilson or of an Allen Tate are rabidly partisan. Science, æstheticism, religion, humanitarianism—all are viewed from the one center and brought into a humanistic perspective which I for one regard as just about final. I am eager to hear what the other critics, and of course the other Humanists, too, think of it. What do you say? . . . But of course that afore-said antinomianism of yours—that "romantic Christianity" of which you boast—is not likely to savor Mather's treatment of religion.

As already mentioned, the connection between Humanism and Religion is a matter of great importance to me. I am quite firmly of the belief that this is the issue upon which Humanism is destined to survive or fail. If it goes religious, as the example of its present leaders suggests that it will, then not many years need pass until it will lose its separate identity in the larger whole.

*The essay appeared in the July-September, 1930, *Sewanee Review*: "The Humanist Entanglement".—EDITOR'S NOTE.

However much More and Eliot may insist that Religion cannot dispense with Humanism, it is hard to see why that should be so. As Mather says, "no really good religion would need humanism." Either Humanism is sufficient in itself or it is nothing more than the secular arm of the church. I can not but be impressed by the religious drift of More's and Babbitt's thought. At the very least it has taught me a little lesson in humility. I no longer feel so confident that my abandonment of religion is a sure badge of superior intelligence. In fact, when I look about upon my atheist acquaintances and such intellectual simpletons as H. L. Mencken, I know there is far greater wisdom stored up in the religions of the world than will ever be found in atheism. But still I remain a Humanist without religion. So far in my short career I have had no serious difficulty in my endeavor to achieve a worth-while life by purely humanistic methods. My nature is such that I find an added satisfaction from self-responsible conduct. Perhaps only my hardness of heart keeps me from realizing the existence of richer possibilities than any I now experience. Perhaps! I shall not say, though I have my natural doubts. And I therefore hope that Humanism can be saved from its suicidal drift into religion. Unless it is saved, and soon, it must, I fear, lose much of its power for good in the world. Many a would-be friend is holding back waiting to see which way it will turn. Not many of them are apt to follow it into religion.

By definition, no truly religious person can stop with Humanism. The reason appears in John La Farge's article in *America* (May 10): "God's Will, in the Catholic philosophy of life, is the real center of life". Not only in Catholic philosophy, but in any genuinely religious philosophy. But God's Will, to paraphrase a sentence from the second paragraph of your letter of February 21, is "a mental construction, based upon an ideology which rests in turn upon a substrate of credulity." Without the necessary will to believe which religion demands, the best conception of life accessible to me is Humanism, and there I take my stand as near the center as I am able to get. And I believe Humanism will have the last word. When one reads the latest Papal Bull (or is it not more likely to prove an Irish Bull?) from the Infallible Head of Naturism (see John Dewey in the June *Thinker*) excommunicating the Humanists from the One and Only Church of the Histori-

cally Elect, he may be glad if he is young enough to anticipate the time when such idle predictions will be refuted and John Dewey—hallowed be the name!—is recognized for what he is, the culmination of a great movement which is just as scholastic and unhumanistic in its own way as the movement which came to a head in Thomas Aquinas. . . .

by C. E. Burklund

WHO LOSES THE MOONLIGHT

Now from all intimate tracery withdrawn
Of moonlight drifting petals on the grass
From distant gardens of the golden dawn
While the miraculous moments richly pass;
Now when all music of night-mellowing lutes,
Dripping their honey to the scented leaf,
Droops to an echo, shrivelled at the roots,—
What have we left, my heart, to answer grief?

Oh hastily conspired, rashly driven
The compact with too generous loveliness,
For though one ask, in vain shall he be shriven
The stinging folly and the sweet excess—
Seeing forever the luminous gates of heaven
Through which he wandered into—Emptiness!

by Howard Mumford Jones

GRADUATE ENGLISH STUDY

ITS RATIONAL E

NO FIGURE in American literary life seems to be suffering more abuse than the professor of English. On the one hand he shares the general hostility which the age exhibits for the college of liberal arts; and on the other hand he is scorned by the younger writers because he holds to academic standards of literary values and does not have time or interest for the contemporary world of letters. The business man, impatient of the scholar's labors, thinks them impractical; though, amusingly enough, he demands at the same time that the English professor shall teach his children to write and spell and punctuate and read; and, since he has little time for and less interest in, encouraging his offspring to read books, he is unable to see that only out of the reading of books is a command of the English sentence usually gained. Meanwhile the professor's colleagues in science or psychology or mathematics, unable to feel that the interest of the department of English in textual criticism or source material of philology is a real interest, view him indulgently as one engaged in a futile but harmless game—something like chess, and about as important.

Moreover, the labors of the English professor have also come in for indictment by judges more professionally competent. Mr. Henry S. Canby, who was formerly of the profession, in an essay on "The American Scholar" in his *American Estimates*,¹ passes in severe review the contributions to an issue of a particularly scholarly journal, and remarks acidly that here "research sheds its tiny beam of light and then goes out, like a match struck to show the path by night." The tide of literary facts, he says, mount ever higher; and important subjects of research are now so exhausted that "a brood of parrots searches the bushes for splinters." Unlike some commentators, Mr. Canby is both generous and just; there is an argument, he says, for every investigation, however

¹ New York. 1929. 129-143.

narrow. But he complains that "a generation of creative youth has been driven from scholarship by disillusionment more bitter than economic necessity." Passing over the problem whether creative youth is, or ever was, happy under the stricter regimen of thought which the university has to offer, let us merely note that Mr. Canby in effect gently restates the late Stuart Sherman's famous sentence:

The very best men do not enter upon graduate study at all; the next best drop out after a year's experiment; the mediocre men at the end of two years; the most unfit survive and become doctors of philosophy, who go forth and reproduce their kind.²

More recently, Professor Norman Foerster in a lucid and admirable essay, *The American Scholar*, repeated the arguments of the late W. C. Brownell and the present Irving Babbitt, and called on us to close the period of the Germanized doctor's degree and to open that of

French reflection, French lucidity, French finesse, French moderation, the French concern for human assimilation, the French devotion to general ideas, the French insistence upon taste and style, the French interest in criticism.³

I cannot hope in a summary to do justice to his luminous book, but two points particularly interest me. Professor Foerster expresses an aversion from any professor of English who ventures to step into the field of cultural or social history—such men, he thinks, are "deserters" to literary scholarship; and Professor Foerster contends that the literary scholar should also be a critic, employing the standards of humanism.⁴

² Quoted in Norman Foerster, *The American Scholar*. Chapel Hill, N. C. 1929. P. 45.

³ Foerster, pp. 43-44.

⁴ When cultural or social history is practiced by the humanists it is apparently not an act of "desertion." Professor Babbitt's first book, *Literature and the American College*, is a piece of cultural history and cultural propaganda. His *The New Look* is an attack upon a theory of art he does not like and a survey of the pernicious social results supposed to flow therefrom. His *Rousseau and Romanticism* is an attack on post-Rousseauian literature and largely motivated by the same animus. Finally, *Democracy and Leadership* is an excursion into the field of political and social theory and has almost nothing to do with literature! Similarly the *French Traits* of W. C. Brownell is a social history of certain traits in French and American civilization, together with a hortatory

II

That there is much justice in a great deal of the criticism which has been freely showered upon graduate methods in literary study can not be denied. We may pass over the attitude of the "practical" man who pooh-poohs the whole business of scholarship; his quarrel is not with the English professor, but with the notion of scholarship as such, and we need not pause to confute him. But it must be admitted that much "scholarship" is barren; that the majority of these are not of great interest to anybody except their writers and the professors in charge; that the learned journals are filled with articles which illumine neither learning, literature, nor life. We have undoubtedly exalted mere accuracy at times, and have undoubtedly been rewarded with mechanistic results.

At the same time the question may well be asked whether our critics do not unduly decry the bad and fail to appraise the good. The same training which produces these dull products has also produced better things; and we may pause to inquire whether so admirable a volume as Professor John Livingston Lowes' *Convention and Revolt in Poetry* or his *The Road to Xanadu* would have been possible except for the severe discipline to which Mr. Lowes has subjected himself. Many are impatient with the methods of Professor Kittredge: Professor Foerster, for example, speaks a little dryly of a recent book on witchcraft which Professor Kittredge has published.⁵ But it is only fair to that distinguished scholar to remember that he has also published an admirable criticism on Chaucer; and that, on the occasion of the Shakespeare centenary, he gave us a critical interpretation of that dramatist, so just, so clear, so luminous with discriminating knowledge and beautiful insight that it is the despair of more ordinary men. Mr. Canby calls for some synthesis of our garnered facts. I do not know whether the re-editing of Chaucer for the first time in the light of all the available texts, or whether the creation of a

admonition to the Americans to adopt certain French traits (nothing is said as to what American traits the French might profit by adopting); *French Art* is, among other things, an attack upon American art and American culture; *Criticism and Standards* are books of cultural propaedeutic; and *Democratic Distinction in America* is wholly concerned with social history and social and cultural theorizings! Aside from the amusing inconsistency, one's objections to these books is not that they are cultural or social history, but that they are biased history.

⁵ Foerster, p. 23.

dictionary of American English—projects undertaken through the joint labors of students and specialists—met his objections or not. I gather that he is more in favor of “a right understanding” of literature in terms of “imagination, intuition, emotion, and prophecy.”¹ But at any rate here are two projects at the University of Chicago (and there are others like them) which, within the limits of evidence scientifically weighed, are humbly trying to establish what Chaucer really wrote and to define words as we really use them.

But my present interest is not to argue whether the creation of dictionaries has any connection with “imagination, intuition, emotion, and prophecy,” or whether Mr. Lowes or Mr. Kittredge are true critics of literature. It is, however, simple justice to the situation to remind ourselves that all the facts should appear; and I confess that though our critics pay verbal deference to the needs of accuracy and scientific scepticism, they do not always place their emphasis upon some of the solid results of the reigning methodology. I detect in them an impatience with philology, textual criticism, and the minutiae of literary history as though we had made these things ends in themselves—which, it must be confessed, we have sometimes done. Mr. Canby in particular seems to say that these trifling investigations are all very well—quite proper in their way—but that true scholarship should be concerned with other matters. But extravagance, Mr. Brownell once reminded us, “has no standards”. This fall will see the publication of over 5,000 books. If a single new literary work of distinction shall appear, this enormous production will yet have been justified and the year made memorable, just as the year 1798, though it saw the production of hundreds of other books, is memorable in the annals of literature for the production of *The Lyrical Ballads*. So, too, we are in equity, it seems to me, not to be too extravagantly condemned because every learned journal does not contain its masterly article², and clearly a system of scholarship which has pro-

¹ Canby, p. 140.

² Inasmuch as the general argument of the reformers is in the direction of proving the results of the existing system to be mechanical and narrow, it is interesting to note the distribution of thesis subjects. At Harvard University from 1876 to 1926 a total of 196 doctoral dissertations have been written (Consult *Doctors of Philosophy and Doctors of Science of Harvard University, 1873-1926*, Cambridge, 1926). A rough classification shows that 19 of these are philological.

duced such works as I have mentioned, even though it have serious defects, cannot be utterly barren and pedantic.

III

I take it that one of the concerns of accurate scholarship is to discover and state all the relevant facts, so far as possible, without bias and without prejudice. That is the first essential to any work of the mind which shall be sound and true. We must begin by putting down all the elements in our situation. Since it appears that our critics in their commendable zeal to improve us have at any rate omitted to dwell upon the success of literary scholarship, it may be well to state the simple elements of our situation, even if they seem obvious. Whatever these elements may elsewhere be, in American universities they are the scholar, the material to be treated, the student to be trained, and the methodology or pedagogy of the training and the treatment. Logically, I suppose, we should begin with the material; but I choose for the present to confine myself to the graduate student and his training.

With few exceptions the higher study of literature in the United States is carried on in graduate schools to which students possessed of a bachelor's degree from a reputable institution are admitted. Theoretically they study in such a graduate school for as long as they like or until the faculty of their department is prepared to award them a degree; theoretically also they pursue their studies from a disinterested love of truth. That this last motive is an important one is undeniable; typically, however, the graduate student in literature pursues the degree of Master of Arts for a year; or Degree of Doctor of Philosophy for three, four, or five years; as

17 present problems of textual criticism or source material closely allied to that problem, 86 are in the field of "external" literary history, 53 combine literary history and literary criticism (the life-and-works type is not infrequent), and 21 are purely critical or deal in critical theory. This classification, is on the basis of titles, and is necessarily open to correction. But it is interesting to note that less than one-tenth of the Harvard dissertations (supposed to be grave offenders in this respect) are philological, and that their number is actually exceeded by the number dealing with critical theory. At the University of Chicago from 1894 to 1927 102 doctoral dissertations in English have been written (Consult the *Announcements*, Vol. XXVIII, No. 18, March 15, 1928). Of these 11 are philological, 15 are problems in texts, 45 are problems of "external" literary history, 27 have to do with literary history and literary criticism, and 4 are purely critical. There is evidently a wide distribution of interests in the English departments of two leading universities. Investigation will reveal a similar variety at other institutions.

the case may be, or even longer. During this time he may rejoice in an independent income, but such students are rare, and more frequently he must secure a fellowship or an assistantship in the Department of English, the duties of which require him to teach one class of Freshmen or Sophomores. Upon his graduation he must secure a job if he seeks to apply his discipline and knowledge to effective living; and that usually means he must teach as an instructor in some university or college where his teaching load for a period of years will be classes of Freshmen or Sophomores. Only in rare instances will he be fortunate enough to secure opportunity to work with advanced students. In the meantime he has married; and in the present conditions of university life he is hard put to it to live decently and comfortably. I think this is about what, as a student and graduate, he has to look forward to. There is no other place in American life, if we except an occasional publishing house, where his peculiar talents may be profitably employed. It is a situation and a future which call for fortitude and perseverance, and if "creative youth" turns away from it, it would not be surprising. On the other hand I am constantly impressed with the intellectual honesty, the good humor, and the quite good sense with which, in the situation, the student cheerfully faces his problem.

When he enters the graduate school for the first time, our student has just ceased being an undergraduate. He has probably "majored" in English, he has perhaps written some essays for the college magazine or the newspaper, or perhaps a play for the college theater. He is about twenty-one or twenty-two years old, perhaps a little older. He is fond of reading, and is typically familiar with the more talked-about contemporary writers. He has been a member of some five or six classes in literature (besides the elementary course) which constituted his "major" in that field. If he is the product of a small college, these courses have been perhaps a little vague and generalized; if he is the product of a larger school, his work may have been more disciplined, though not necessarily so. Under any circumstances he himself soon recognizes that his preparation is a little sketchy; and, remembering what we know of undergraduate values, we shall not be surprised if he tells us that as an undergraduate he perhaps found it

easy to "pass." He is only a few years out of his adolescence, and his emotions and his ideas are still a little vague.

Perhaps, however, our student has taught a year or two in some high school or small college and, alarmed at his obvious deficiencies, he has come to graduate work in order to fill up the gaps in his education. In that event he is likely to be a little more mature than his brother who has just been given his A.B.; and it is very likely in any case that his years of graduate study will be interrupted by the necessity of leaving school to earn money that he may continue his studies. In many cases the result is that he piles up courses during the summer sessions, or, perhaps, has to allow a lapse of several years between successive periods of attendance at a university. And if I speak with the masculine pronoun, every one will grant, I think, that his sister student will present very similar traits and possess very similar backgrounds.

These are, I think, authentic observations on the lives of graduate students in literature as they are lived by hundreds in the United States today. In the eastern universities conditions are perhaps relatively better; in the south they are relatively worse; but in any event the graduate student with money and leisure to pursue an uninterrupted course of study toward his doctorate, and with the culture and discipline behind him which will enable him to profit most by that study is rather rare. Rare, too, are those graduate students of riper years who have already acquired the preliminary training which equips them to plunge at once into the more advanced problems of graduate study. And if the picture I have sketched is not very creditable to the country, the university, the graduate school, or the state of our culture, it is practically the condition which student and professor have to face.

IV

In this situation it is no discredit to the graduate student that he is not better prepared for advanced work. Generally speaking, he soon realizes that his cultural and factual backgrounds are relatively sketchy, and is eager to improve them. I do not know whether the observations of others tally with mine, but in my own experience the result of this situation is that most of the first year of graduate study, and often large portions of the succeeding years, have to be devoted to teaching the student what he is supposed to

have learned as an undergraduate (that is, the salient facts of literary history); and to inducting him into the bibliography and methods of literary study as well as to disciplining and stiffening his mental processes. To attempt much beyond this is usually disastrous; our student does not yet have enough factual information soundly to judge general theory or to form those broad views and syntheses which our critics would like to have him secure; he has not read enough, is not sufficiently experienced to make his essays in independent criticism or scholarship of value. Our world is a new and puzzling world to him, and it is easy to understand why at this stage "creative youth" sometimes declares that graduate work is dry and uninteresting and that the professors are mere pedants. Naturally some drop out. Certainly the graduate school loses; but I confess that I do not view the loss with serious alarm, and I cannot agree with the late Stuart Sherman that we necessarily lose the better men, for it is my observation that those who are frightened away by the stricter mental discipline and insistence upon accuracy which we demand of graduate students, do not in most cases achieve great things outside the graduate world. Temperamentally averse to discipline, they drift into journalism or advertising or popular fiction.

What now is the first important task we have to perform? Again I can report only my own observations; but in my judgment the hardest single task his professors have to achieve is to give our graduate student a sense of chronology, of the historicity of events. I mean by this a grasp of the simple fact that ten years in the world's history in any period of the past is just as long as the ten years which have elapsed in the student's last decade. When students are content for the most part to take refuge in vague general terms like "the Renaissance," the "romantic period," of the "middle ages," it is with the utmost difficulty that I can secure even from doctors of philosophy a real comprehension of the importance of the lapse of time in literary history; and I think the diagnostic tests which we annually give candidates for higher degrees at the University of North Carolina bear out my observation. It is not only a matter of the most strenuous exertion to sort out the authors in their minds and to make it clear why it is important that one man lived after another, but it is a matter of

even greater difficulty, especially in the remoter periods, to get the human mind to realize that larger units of history are as full of change as smaller and more immediate ones.

Perhaps an example will make my meaning clear. The lapse of time from the Synod of Whitby (664) to the close of the Peterborough version of the *English Chronicle* (1154) is about five hundred years—five hundred years of varied and even violent change in English life and English thought; five hundred years of European literature, of which the old English writers were, however imperfectly, a part. These five hundred years take us from Fortunatus, who died in Poitiers in 609, and who was perhaps the last poet of the twilight of Latin-classical verse, to William of Poitou, the first great troubadour, who died in 1127, and in whom modern lyricism, in the opinion of many, breaks into full-throated song. Yet I will venture to assert that to most doctors of philosophy in English of this year of grace, the Anglo-Saxon period is a single vague unit, changeless and remote; and that to most of them the main difference between *Beowulf* and Ælfric is that one is in verse and the other a writer of prose.

Now of course it is argued that this difficulty is an incidental difficulty; that it is the thought and beauty and philosophy of literature which matter, not the arid waste of chronology or disputation about the date of a manuscript. It is not a claim which I have any wish to deny. But any handling of literary values must rest ultimately upon the time and the place and the author of a particular masterpiece. But a tiny portion of the world's literature is written for pure beauty; a moment's thought will remind us that the larger portion of the world's masterpieces were written because their authors thought that their particular ages needed to be told the truths which the writers wished to convey. It seems to me then reasonably to follow that, unless we propose to set up some arbitrary standard of literary truth, our first duty, whether we are critics or philologists or historians, is to determine for what age and under what circumstances these particular truths were uttered; and I cannot escape the simple conclusion that no student is equipped for criticism, scholarship, or philology until the significance of chronology, especially in its interpretative and philosophical implications, is made bone and sinew of his mind. Yet

as I state this principle I recognize at once that it is a principle to which in certain lights all parties to this conflict of opinion will immediately agree; the question therefore is as to the real significance of the fact that literature is made up of a series of phenomena in time.

There are those who believe, for example, that at particular times and places particular authors have expressed eternal truths which other writers have missed or have distorted; and that the true business of the scholar is to occupy himself with the sages and let the sophists go. When the argument is presented in the form that some writers are by general agreement more worth while and that some writers are less so, it is a statement of a platitude until the terms of the proposition are examined. Who is to determine the quantum of eternal truth which a particular author expresses? If the truth be susceptible of scientific statement, we can turn the matter over to the scientists for determination, but literary truths are seldom of this order. If the truth be an æsthetic or philosophic one, the question recurs to the validity of its æsthetic or philosophic content, and these are matters that in one sense can be settled only by philosophers and in another sense can not be settled at all. There are those who see glimpses of a better world in Plato, Milton, and Dante, but who do not see such glimpses in Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron; nay, what is more, positively declare that these last are false and vicious and depraved. There are others who see the succession as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning, but who are cold to Dryden, Pope, and Crabbe. There are those who find that Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, and Shelley offer illuminating literary discipline, and those who emphatically deny that they offer any discipline at all. There are those who see Bacon as a mighty intellectual force, and those who see him as a false prophet; those who regard Wordsworth as a great teacher, and those who stoutly deny that he has any value. We may, if we prefer, take refuge in tlogma and say our choice is necessarily the right choice because truth justifies the tradition which appeals to us, since the tradition that appeals to us seems to us to be true, but we must be pre-

pared, if we do so, to face the usual pains and penalties which accompany an absolutist reading of literary values.⁹

The world has already seen in the romantic criticism of Shakespeare sufficient demonstration of what happens when students of literature are not rigidly held to a chronological sense of fact. It is commonplace that romantic criticism tended to see perfection in all the works of Shakespeare, with little regard for the time or the occasion of their writing. Thus to Coleridge Shakespeare appears in his immature work like *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, "apart from all his great works, to have possessed all the conditions of the true poet." Coleridge further declares that "a unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare," even, one is forced to believe, such a play as *Titus Andronicus*; and if the reader does not grasp this unity, it is the reader's own fault, for Coleridge writes that "you may know whether you have in fact discovered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it."¹⁰ For romantic criticism Shakespeare is thus absolute and the judgment passed upon him is absolute also. Speaking of Coleridge, Professor Cazamian reminds us that "his judgments are all permeated by a trend of thought that is strongly under the influence of great doctrinal preconceptions; even in this domain he is the metaphysician."¹¹ It has taken us a hundred years to lay the Coleridgean fallacy, and to learn the significance of the simple chronological truth that Shakespeare, like any other artist, had to pass through his apprenticeship, make his mistakes, reach his successes, and suffer his failures in terms of theatrical and literary conditions of his time and place.

⁹On the shifting grounds of literary evaluation in classical times see Duane Reed Stuart, *Epochs of Greek and Roman Biography*, Berkeley, California, 1928; and F. P. Chambers, *Cycles of Taste*, Cambridge, Mass., 1928; and on the same shift in modern literature see E. E. Kellett, *The Whirligig of Taste*, New York, 1929. It is at least difficult, after discovering the violent upheavals which distinguish the history of "taste", to accept without the utmost caution phrases about the "centrality of taste" and the like absolutist readings of literature.

¹⁰The selections, pp. 133-159 in Alden, *Critical Essays of the Early Nineteenth Century*, New York, 1921, are typical.

¹¹*A History of English Literature: Modern Times, 1660-1914*, p. 275. New York, 1927.

We need to remind ourselves how for the pseudo-classical age Homer and Virgil were absolute also; and how Aristotle and the mediæval Virgil were absolute for another time; and how these systems of judgment seem now to us to have suffered from their insistence upon a partial truth. Now in our day a new critical theory has arisen to present us with a new set of absolutes—"taste," "standards," "control," and what not—the movement of humanism, which its historian, Professor L. A. Mercier informs us, includes "a psychology, an æsthetic, a pedagogy, a sociology, a national polity, and which even aspires to the height of a religious idea" (*il s'élève jusqu'à l'idée religieuse*).²¹ I hope the humanists have profited by the romantic mistake, for they certainly have an interest in the historicity of ideas, but I confess their program, though it has many virtues, is to my way of thinking weakest on the side of a sound historical perspective;²² their doctrine whether it be right or wrong, is certainly "permeated by a trend of thought that is strongly under the influence of great doctrinal preconceptions," and I am not yet prepared to surrender my task as a literary historian for the simpler division of literary works into those that contain right doctrine and those that contain wrong doctrine.

Accordingly I come back to my own experience, which tells me that the graduate student needs first of all to acquire a time-sense, whether it concern the changing facets of mediæval literature or whether it concern the facts that an author at twenty is a boy, however brilliant, and an author at forty is a man with a fund of experience in whom the fresh, original ardor has cooled. If the domain of the graduate student is to be the history of literature in any aspect, I do not see how the necessity for constant drill, for constant iteration of the importance of literature as a temporal phenomenon can be avoided.

Now it would be pleasant to assume that this way of thinking could be well acquired in the first year of graduate study, leaving the remaining years for philosophical or critical disquisition. Unfortunately my own experience is that a sense of historicity, of

²¹ *Le Mouvement Humaniste aux Etats-Unis*, p. 125. Paris, 1928.

²² One would scarcely expect, for instance, after reading *Rousseau and Romanticism*, that the great achievement of the period 1750-1850 was the establishment of man as citizen in place of the concept of man as subject.

the significance of time, is one of the rarest acquisitions of the human mind; and that not merely the first year, but most of the remaining periods of graduate work have to be constantly occupied with the importance of the verification of events in time. I am aware that this is not a very exciting program. Nothing could be imagined more remote, in one sense, from the "imagination intuition, emotion, and prophecy" which Mr. Canby demands. Nothing seems at first glimpse further from the call to study "the universal and unchanging in man."¹³ I heartily wish that the time-sense could be born in people so that we might get on in our graduate study to these more delightful matters. But I can only ruefully observe that the task seems to me both fundamental and indispensable; that it is not easy of accomplishment; and that every sound scholar will distrust generalizations which do not proceed from a careful and candid study of the chronology of the period in which a work appears, of the life of the man who wrote it, and even of the composition of the work. And I deny in the second place that the mastery of chronology is merely a dry detail, a technical acquirement; it lies, in my thinking, at the very heart of literary study; and, clothed with the living flesh of a sound imaginative reconstruction, the days and events of the past, evoked by a competent literary historian, may, and in many cases do, become a humane and cultural discipline.

(To Be Continued)

¹³ Foerster, p. 51. Cf. his *American Criticism*, pp. 221-261 for a fuller statement (Boston, 1928). The passage quoted from J. Middleton Murry on p. 253, together with the paragraph in reply which follows it, state the two points of view. Close scrutiny, however, shows that both writers indulge in an ambiguous meaning of "value". The best kind of literary history does *not* wait "complete knowledge before we can have judgment of values, thus postponing judgment to a future that can never arrive" (Foerster) nor does it merely "accept those judgments which have been endorsed by tradition" (Murry). These statements are tantamount to saying (if we may use an analogy from the political field) that the historian postpones judgment on Napoleon until complete knowledge is obtained, or that he merely "accepts" the traditional judgments of Napoleon. As a matter of fact he does neither. He seeks to account for the importance which has been attached to Napoleon. So the literary historian seeks to account for the importance which has been attached to Wordsworth. For example, in terms (a) of the literary situation of Wordsworth's own day; (b) of the revolutionary qualities of Wordsworth's practice and theory of a poet in the light of subsequent literary development; (c) of the varying judgments which have been passed on Wordsworth's poetry in his own time and since; (d) inevitably, of his own temperament and training. Literary "values" are not the simple judgements that such criticism seems to make them out to be, but arise out of a complicated set of conditioning factors, and are in themselves seldom constant over anything but a short period of time.

by Kemp Malone

NOCTURNE

● walk with me the gracious ways of darkness,
Where love for ever broods and truth is beauty.
O come, while yet the clouds lie sunk in shadow,
Come, ere the stars grow pale against the sunlight,
For now night holds, but soon shall yield to morning,
And day shall paint the sky with alien splendour.

For mighty is the sun, and fierce his splendour,
But ever gentle burn the fires of darkness.
So come, before night breathe the breath of morning,
While yet we may behold her secret beauty,
Her shades that ever flee before the sunlight,
Her radiance that shines not, save in shadow.

Not any sudden thing of sound or shadow
Shall do her hurt, nor dim her starry splendour.
But naught may aught avail against the sunlight,
And day at last shall shake the sway of darkness
And drive night forth and scatter all her beauty,
And few to heed, for marvel of the morning.

For fair to see shall be the face of morning,
And lo, the dewy fields that lie in shadow
Shall glitter with the sun, and know their beauty.
And men shall look upon the novel splendour,
Forgetting all the wonder that was darkness
And dazzled by the glory of the sunlight.

Yet some shall shut their eyes against the sunlight
And turn their faces from the sight of morning,
And hide them still within the fading darkness.
And night shall soothe them there till the last shadow
Shall vanish in the overwhelming splendour
And day shall reign, and none to scorn her beauty.

But now night rules the sky in pride and beauty,
Nor is there any gleam or stir of sunlight.
So let us even forget day's tale of splendour,
And reck not of the hours that shall be morning,
But rove while yet we may the realms of shadow
And have our joy of the demains of darkness.

O darkness, give yet meed of balm and beauty,
O shadow, soften yet a while the sunlight,
Till morning comes, and fills the sky with splendour.

by the Editor

ASIDES AND SOLILOQUIES

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

NOT only timely but seductive was Mr. Stark Young's "Admonition to the Pocahontases" in the July 9 issue of *The New Republic*. The retarded *tempo* of that polite appeal to Southerners in New York City to cultivate their provincialism amid their alien surroundings has a reminder of the languid beauty of a Louisiana swamp: one could almost see the Spanish moss dangling in festoons from the live-oaks of its gifted author's curiously involuted sentences. Aren't there, one asked after reading the "Admonition", many Southern emigrés in Manhattan who might profit by Mr. Young's gentle counsel:

I want them, along with thousands of others, to fight that, amidst the sweep of industrialism now spreading over the South, the characteristic Southern qualities may be preserved. . . . Let the dead past bury its dead . . . the Southern habit, not unfamiliar to many, of high-headedness, scorn, pride, sentiment, bragging, or spiteful reminiscence, is not the best way to help our cause, which at this day and time is the preservation of certain traditional and natural qualities that seem to us of great importance and to determine partly what the end of life is to be. The effect of such heady goings-on in some Southerners is for outsiders only puzzling or tedious, pathetic, quaintly endearing, or what not, it is anything but useful in this new and pressing issue.

In reading the entire essay, from which I have quoted these words, I was reminded of Mr. Allen Tate, whose volume of poetry, *Mr. Pope and Other Poems* (most of which he composed before he left Tennessee for points north and east), revealed a promise which Mr. Yvor Winters never tires assuring us is the most significant in our country today. No one would accuse Mr. Tate of being a Pocahontas, but were his powers dissipated in the distracting cross-currents of æsthetic and social theory so prevalent in New York and Paris that they are capable only of that series of eruptive criticisms by which Mr. Tate is now

so generally known? If they be dissipated, and if geography be a stimulant to poetry, there is still hope. For Mr. Tate, the native, has returned South. *Jubilate Deo!* His example is worthy of imitation. What did New York do to him? When he was an undergraduate in Tennessee, his future was almost marred by his quick response to hostile criticism of the South made by ill-informed outsiders; he could find no good in his native region but fled to what he thought were more congenial surroundings in the city of the purple towers. But a miracle happened. The longer he stayed in New York, the fiercer became his Southern loyalties and his Northern antipathies: the experience aroused certain tendencies to irascibility which made him irrational when he should have been most intelligible. Then the Guggenheim flight to Paris. And now back home. The native's return discloses a courage and wisdom very re-assuring in the present cultural débâcle. Like Wait-on-the-Lord Lowe of Mrs. Chapman's *The Happy Mountain*, Mr. Tate has completed full circle. He has found that the South, whose cultural legacy he discovered while he sat by the waters of Babylon, is preferable to Manhattan in which to exercise his talents.

Now, no one who intimately knows what is going on in the South today will doubt the wisdom of Mr. Tate or any other Southerner who returns home to stay and work. Mr. Tate, for instance, will probably find his newly-acquired Tennessee farm to be far more congenial than Poe's friend Chivers found Georgia almost a century ago. Returned natives will have a better time in the South, because excavations into its rich and intricate historic culture are disclosing many creative possibilities. Energetic and discriminating Southern critics (notably John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Stark Young, Donald Davidson, and probably Mr. Tate himself) are at this moment busily engaged in recovering and articulating the values of the Southern past, not merely to exhibit them as museum pieces, but to employ them in resisting alien encroachments and at the same time to make them penetrate the country at large, insofar as the rest of the country wishes to appropriate them. This salvaging of an hereditary culture is a vigorous reassertion of Southern gregariousness.

Southern communal consciousness is, of course, nothing new. For too long a time, however, it was displayed chiefly as an apolo-

getic defense of the South against hostile outsiders; still more recently it became the target for "progressive" Southerners who, stung by those criticisms, themselves endeavored to make them less relevant by removing their causes, attacking the sullen lethargy, the inertia, and the defunct social conditions which less "progressive" Southerners stubbornly maintained. The "Progressives'" burden was: "Move with the times! Industrialize! Be efficient!" Today, every Chamber of Commerce, every newspaper, every Rotary in every important city in the South trumpets that cry. The work of the "Progressives" is realized, as anyone may see for himself by even a casual passage through any urban center of the South. Birmingham is indistinguishable from Pittsburg, or Atlanta from New York City.

But overnight conditions have changed. At the very moment when the South seems about to capitulate to the standardization which the industrial system inevitably creates in ways of life, a concerted assault is made by new campaigners inspired by memories of the old South. Who, having read it, can forget that persuasive evangel which Mr. John Crowe Ransom wrote two or three years ago for this quarterly: "The South—Old or New?" Mr. Ransom presented not only a plausible, but convincing, case for the Old South against the crudities, the futilities, the dissipations of the New. Was it the first gun fired in a new campaign; was it a new program for the cultural resuscitation not only of the South, but of America at large? Certainly one does not need very sharp eyes to see that Mr. Ransom spoke the necessary word in time—the first word, that is to say, of what might (if we were given to that kind of jargon) be called "the New Regionalism".

"The New Regionalism" is a convenient phrase, at any rate, to indicate briefly the inspiration severely needed at present. Its immediate development will disclose the significance of Mr. Otto H. Kahn's recent announcement: that what is most needed in America today, in government, in business, in art, is—decentralization. As *The New Freeman* editorially said on July 23, "Mr. Kahn believes that our real art will be nurtured in our suburbs and smaller centers of population, rather than in the larger cities, and that the commercial art spirit now at work on music and drama throughout the country will do most to release it." Paul Green at Chapel Hill, John Crowe Ransom at Nashville, the

South Carolina and Virginia Poetry Societies, are only a few familiar evidences of this New Regionalism in action. Yet are not these evidences too precarious: do they not need to be less sporadic, more numerous and sustained? Though Mr. Stark Young did not speak precisely in this context, yet his words also apply here:

But to work to any good ends, we shall have to find grounds for these qualities we proclaim. You may hold as violent prejudices, preferences, opinions as you like. You are free about them, to endorse, to feel. But to press them on others you must find bases for them in conceptions, you must know. Otherwise the convincingness of what you say depends on your own charms. Otherwise you may be floored yourself with the ordinary jargon, clichés, et cetera, coming in on us from every direction.

Perhaps, in other words, experiments in decentralization have not been more numerous because the extension of the idea has not been facilitated by an accompanying *rationale*; by an elaboration, that is to say, of the philosophy upon which it rests; by an aggressive assault of that philosophy at all points on the modern front—in government, in business, in art.

There are two possible applications of this "New Regionalism", or, as both Mr. Ransom and Mr. Young would prefer to call it, "The Higher Provincialism". Each of these two critics has his own interpretation (or perhaps they are two aspects of the same one). Mr. Young's conception is that "provincialism is not a matter of place to live in, but a state of mind." Mr. Ransom's is, that the tradition of the place you live in should create a state of mind sympathetic to it. Though emphasis in this meditation is placed on Mr. Ransom's conception, some passing elaboration of Mr. Young's is fitting:

[Provincialism], he says, is a fine trait. It is analogous to one's interest in his own center, which is the most deeply rooted consideration he has, the course of his direction, health and soul . . . You can defend your provincialism to yourself very much as you would defend your own nature, which you would not change with anyone else. . . . I am not sure that one of the deep mysteries, one of the great, as it were, natural beauties of the heart, does not lie in one's love of his native earth.

Mr. Ransom, I hope, will find occasion soon, either in these pages or elsewhere, to discuss his conception of the "Higher Provincialism" more fully. Yet without any authority from him, I have tried to express it for myself, hoping that, if I have not exactly seized his idea, he will correct me. Mr. Ransom's "New Regionalism" is *new* only in the sense that it is a new assertion of the competency of the individual against the organized terrorism of engulfing modernism, of the heterogenous against the homogeneous, of the necessity for remaining where you are as against the restless flight for joys where "the sun also rises". His "New Regionalism" contemplates the American social and cultural scene not as Randolph Bourne conceived it—transnationally—but as a disparate congeries of cultural colonies, each salvaging workable values from its own historical and regional legacy, and each fashioning out of those materials something adequate and satisfying: adequate and satisfying because it has been conditioned by the formative and restrictive pressure of its regional criteria. The outlander—whether he be in Nevada, Michigan, Texas, Iowa, Vermont, or California—may, if he wishes, eavesdrop but he is not initially addressed.

And the return of Mr. Allen Tate from Manhattan to Tennessee—is not that a fitting symbol for this "New Regionalism", is it not a significant invitation to others to imitate his "Return of the Native?"

by S. A. Rhodes

ANDRÉ GIDE AND HIS CATHOLIC CRITICS.

LE DIALOGUE AVEC ANDRÉ GIDE. By Charles Du Bos. Au Sans Pariel, Paris, 1929.

L'ESPRIT D'ANDRÉ GIDE. By Victor Poucel. A L'Art Catholique, Paris, 1929.

UN ESPRIT NON PREVENU. By André Gide. Vingtième Siècle. Ed. Kra, Paris, 1929.

André Gide is one of the most challenging of living writers. He is one of those least prone to barter the secret of his inner self for a moment's intellectual effort from the reader. He is like a disturbing, jungly garden, cultivated, and yet on the verge always of returning to its pristine luxuriance. No bouquet from it is representative that hasn't in it sweet violets as well as poison ivy.

André Gide is in a continuous state of becoming. Charles Du Bos says that in the organization of his being the laws of gravity seem to have been disregarded. The same is true of angels and demons, of both of which Gide's nature partakes.

From the beginning of his career, André Gide was confronted with the anguishing problem of either resisting the cravings of the flesh, and wearing out the soul, perhaps in a vain, or even unessential, struggle, or of yielding to them, and exposing the soul to a possible contamination. Which temptation is the work of the devil? Neither, or both. The ascetic period in Gide's life, that he narrates in the first part of *Si Le Grain Ne Meurt*, gave us *Les Cahiers D'André Walter*, *Le Voyage D'Urien*, written under the sign of the Symbolistic school, when life seemed like a mirage to be avoided. "I was saved by hunger", says Gide. Next came the period of his Nietzschean thirst for life, and of his masterpieces: *L'Immoraliste*, *Les Nourritures Terrestres*, *Le Retour de L'Enfant Prodigue*. It is a period of passionate self-abandonment to the intoxicating sensation of living and of being alive; responsive to all the insistent and insidious hungerings of the flesh triumphant. But coincident almost with that, or immediately subsequent to it, in point of time only, became manifest the semi-Jansenistic, semi-mystic Gide of such works as *Saül*, *La Porte Étroite*, *Numquid et Tu?* . . . The circle is not complete

without the rationalistic, satiric hedonist of *Les Caves Du Vatican*, *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, or the classic memorialist of *Si Le Grain Ne Meurt*, *L'École Des Femmes*, *Un Esprit Non Prévenu*. Such a kaleidoscopic picture of Gide may be misleading, however. As he says: "Extremes touch me." Gide is a circle, without real beginning, without real end. X

Dominant throughout all of Gide's intellectual and emotional gyrations is his anti-moralism, or unmoralism. "I wager," he says, "that within twenty years such words as 'natural', 'unnatural', will have no significance." That is Gide the optimist. The mere fact of anything possessing the throb of life is such a wonder to him that he holds concepts of morality to be subservient to the real issue. Gide the Dionysian is bent on looking upon each moment, each action, each sensation in life as of supreme importance, to be lived and experienced as though they were the only ones granted one in life, as though they were ultimate realities, and not means to a higher end. But what of the Christian in him, however, who declares every earthly desire to be like a screen that comes between him and God, so that to reach divinity he must perforce deny their fulfillment. Gide is a many-headed Buddha including a demon in its unity. He reaches often a temporary harmony in that region of æsthetic rarity where rather than the sense of realizing, it is the sensation of desiring that gives a feeling of ecstasy. He is suspicious even of that state of equilibrium, the dream of humanists, which man can attain between his sensual impulses and his spiritual exaltation. Such classic balance, Gide regards, in the end, as one of the wiles of the demon to ensnare the human spirit. Inquietude, of the body and soul, is a function of his perennial state of growth. By the power of his desire and spirit, he enters into new phases of his will to live, which destroy the equilibrium he reaches at different stages of his evolution. Only in his art do these stages acquire fixed and ultimate form. That is why his work exhibits a classic serenity which his life belies. Essentially and ultimately, all his experiences in the realms of earth, heaven, and hell are transformed by his æsthetic catharsis into the artistic ambrosia of his art. But in life he must be unshackled. To have to choose, when to choose means to limit his experiences within the realms

of conventional good and evil, is intolerable to him. He must feel consecutively, if possible simultaneously, all the contradictory modes of feeling and thinking that life harbors. For what is called evil in our mode of existence seems good to him since it prevents the stagnation of the soul, and what is called good may be, is often, only a pitfall set by the demon. And so Gide is always on the highroad, bound for the crossroads. The prodigal son sins only when he returns home. Gide keeps his doors wide open to all guests, the welcome as well as the unwelcome, but the boon companion as well as the leper. Only the coward and philistine lock themselves within the prison walls of their own self-sufficiency. Gide is a reckless poacher in the dangerous forests of the spirit, and there, sure enough, he runs into the barbed wires of conventional and canonical morality and formalism.

For what of God in all this? That is the crux of the problem, for a spirit like Gide's, essentially didactic, in spite of his absolute reliance on art as the ultimate justification of life, or perhaps because of it. What gives unity and beauty to Gide's semi-Nietzschean, semi-Spinozan motivations is his unvarying quest of God through all good and evil. He sees God as the goal of every earthly adventure. His religious fervor is an expression of his love of life, of this life, at its moments of greatest exaltation. Eternal life begins here and within us. Every form of activity, even that which tends towards annihilation, must serve this purpose. *Qui enim voluerit animam suam salvam facere, perdet illam.* But let us beware of Gide's interpretation. It is quite unorthodox. For the Church this is a mandate to self-negation in exchange for a future resurrection. But Gide cannot renounce the intoxication of his senses. They are his magic crucible in which he seeks to distill the elixir of eternal life. He abhors nothing so much as cessation of being, or death, since the kingdom of God, for him, *nunc est* (John IV, 23: V, 25). So the devil becomes a primary instrument of salvation in his heretical theosophy. He seeks temptation with the complicity of the adversary of God. In fact, the more he seeks the latter, the more often does he find the former in his path, and thanks to his own connivance, at times. That is why, to begin with, he is an artist. For art is a collaboration of man with the devil, he holds, and no man

can be both artist and saint. It is because he tries to be that, however, that his quest is so universally and profoundly human.

But none of his Catholic critics will see that; not M. Massis, the "defender" of the West; not M. Du Bos, Gide's good friend; not M. Poucel, of the Society of Jesus. As between the latter two, M. Du Bos is the more sympathetic, as is natural. Seventeen years of intimate friendship with his antagonist have dulled neither his affection for him, nor his critical integrity. His hypersensitive talent artfully coaxes Gide's words to yield him their tempting and disrupting secrets. Du Bos sees into their very depths, but with too self-conscious an attitude. He looks through colored glasses—consciously colored, I mean. His grief against his friend is fundamental. It is that of the human, all too human, against the near superhuman, albeit tragic. It is that of the soulful servant of an ideal submitted to joyfully, gratefully, an ideal that spares him the grievous necessity of inner struggle, against the rational, if unhappy beholder of that ideal. Gide does not want any ideal, however, divine, to shield him from life, even from the depths. He loves the depths, in fact almost as much as the heights. A Du Bos loves the heights primarily and exclusively. He looks down into the abyss of life with loathing and fear. A Gide may have some loathing for it; but more often, and inevitably, he feels a sort of attraction for it, a demoniac love, and as for fear, none at all. A Du Bos would like to be made clean in waters of ambrosial purity—waters that have been disinfected organically and spiritually by others greater, theologically, than he. A Gide descends to the swamps of life for that. He seeks the mud and the mire, what will cling to the body, to the skin; what will disfigure at first, perhaps; what will burn and scorch. But it is a mud that will finally scale off, and leave the body clean and fresh, inwardly and outwardly. It is what Baudelaire would have called a "bain de ténèbres".

One of the griefs of Du Bos against Gide comes from the latter's organic inability to stabilize his spiritual life in any one mould—especially the mould it had in his adolescence, prior to his trip to Africa. That Gide seems to the critic the normal. The Gide who deviated from it immediately after, and who has been deviating from it constantly, is the abnormal. The former's

introspective anchor was God, true enough, and the latter has been in endless conflict with the demon. But it does not follow that the adolescent was the truer of all the later Gides. If there is anything in Gide that has both duration and mobility, it is his blind faith in the supreme goodness of anything that lives, for to cease to live, even with the promise of something ideal beyond, is unendurable to his intense individuality. That is why he could reply to M. Paul Claudel who was expressing some concern over his soul: "—I have lost complete interest in my soul and in its salvation." For Gide lives in the present. To be saved, the soul must acquire a store of merits agreeable in the eyes of the Savior. But nothing is less Gidian than the idea of self-approval. Rather than accumulate forces that would tend to render his soul self-complacent, Gide seeks to foil them. And therein lies his unequivocal break with the orthodox theology of a Du Bos. Truth for the latter is Catholic Truth, with a capital letter. The theologian too often supplants the critic. He speaks then with the assumed authoritativeness of a Father of the Church who holds his say in matters of the Gospels to be final. What Gide attempts to learn by the painful and anguished experiences of his own life, and at a price that seems at times too high, Du Bos claims to know by divine grace, which is all very well. But he is unreasonable when he condemns Gide for not following the same safe and sane straight path to theological serenity and sophistry.

Gide is a man in whom heavens and hell have waged a relentless and, so far, inconclusive battle. It seems as if he watched the combat with impartiality. Though on the basis of his spiritual impulses he is morally on the side of God, artistically he is on the side of the devil. And Du Bos draws a startling picture of that struggle in Gide's soul, of that constant warfare waged with no quarters given, in which an armistice is often signed, a momentary breathing spell that takes the form of a work of art—very often a triumph for the devil—but which is resumed while the ink is still fresh on the pen. Du Bos holds that Gide is lost if he does not soon express definitely his preference for the side of God in this struggle. But lost in what sense? Time was when to have reached a plateau of moral and artistic serenity was considered the height of artistic and human excellence in art when

it is the same as moral and spiritual smugness. But who can think of Gide as serene in that sense? His serenity is that of a seer who is seeking his balance in life with much groping. But for Du Bos, Gide is lost if he does not end in self-annihilation within the Church; he is lost if, after starting out in life on a Pascalian descent toward a valley of asceticism, only to reascend it painfully, until he reached, after much weary struggle, a Goethean and Apollonian plateau, he were to stop there, and were not to redescend the same Pascalian incline toward the abyss of religious self-renunciation. He calls that "l'inquiétude la plus sublime". Doubtless. But I fear Gide is now much nearer to Goethe than to Pascal.

The spirituality of a Du Bos is that of a frowning Bossuet. He pricks pins at his antagonist, torments him, until he becomes himself aware of speaking like a "pharisien intime", with a "tempérament de moraliste", and the tone of one who "takes pleasure in being right". Nevertheless, nothing more profound has been written so far on Gide, nothing that discloses more genuinely his intimate spirit. We get not an impartial, but a judicious and keen analysis of Gide's personality and work, expounded by a critic with an intense Catholic spirituality, who loves him for what he is, and who would love him even more if only Gide could divorce his true self and espouse Du Bos'.

If the criticism of M. Du Bos is an earnest dialogue, that of M. Poucel is an outspoken and often acrid diatribe. For him, the work of Gide is steeped in sin. He wants to sound the alarm and to warn the unwary of the dangers of this new Antichrist. He sees in Gide the same old devil in new attire: a wiser and craftier one, who has learnt his Gospels well, and who speaks the language of Jesus. And Gide does speak the language of Jesus. But it is a language few orthodox Christians will understand. His refusal to accept the canonical interpretation of the Bible is systematic. But rather than anti-Christ, he is anti-Paul. He accepts the Gospels in their entirety, and literally. He takes them in dead earnest. Any commentary, Catholic or Protestant, beclouds his soul. "When I seek Christ, I find the priest, and behind the priest, Saint Paul", he says in *Un Esprit Non Prévenu*. But neither can the Catholic Church tolerate his heretical reading

of the text. "My kingdom is not of this World", the Master has said. But ". . . nunc, in tempore hoc" (Mark X, 29), quotes Gide. He cannot find the promise of another life in the Gospels. "Neither shall they say: lo here; or lo there! for, behold: the Kingdom of God is within you" (Luke XVII, 20, 21). So he refuses to deliver himself bound hand and foot to salvation. He will court eternal damnation, if necessary, for the sake of entering heaven (there is no paradox involved) with open, experienced eyes, whereas the Catholic must enter it blind-folded. The latter would gladly be shackled physically and morally to be saved from sin. Gide would rather be steeped in sin, and be free physically and morally. His road leads to heaven, perhaps, but through hell, as did Dante's. So there is no compromise possible between the priest and Gide. The more acrimonious the former's anathema of him gets, the more jealously does Gide cling to his wholly personal possession of Christ. "All the rancor of Massis and others will not succeed in making of me an enemy of Christ", he writes. And to that extent he is beyond Nietzsche as he is beyond orthodox Christianity.

There is something of that mood in his last book: *Un Esprit Non Prévenu*. It is a journal of random thoughts, each of which by revealing or elucidating a further side of his personality shows him to be in a state of spiritual flux. Gide is as much an abyss to himself as to others. He is anxious to discover his soul as to conceal it. His illusiveness comes in part from his inability to wholly know himself. He will admit the Apollonian creed *gnothe seauton*, but not its corollary *meden agan*, except in art. So that he seems as perplexed in the end as those who read him, be they Catholic or not. "After all", he writes, "I do not pretend to explain anything; I know that I shall have to leave this life without understanding anything, or scarcely anything, about the working of my being." And that sad confession might cause even the Catholics to relent and pray perhaps for his soul, if not love it.

LES INFANTS TERRIBLES

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLE. By Jean Cocteau. Grasset, Paris, 12 fr. (English translation: Brewer and Warren, New York.)

To appreciate the essential character of Cocteau's work, one need only turn to the volume of verse with which he made his début in literature. His *Lampe d'Aladin* has the two characteristic features of all he has done so far, whether as poet, critic, or novelist. These are a certain eccentricity of style—"une bizarrerie" the French call it—and a flair for the unique subject, both of which qualities, if they render him somewhat inaccessible to the average reader, have won him nevertheless his special audience. They are the source of his charm and interest. It is for this special audience that Cocteau may be said to have a "prestige mondial"; in attributing this universal interest to him, his French editor cannot possibly mean anything else. For the present, at any rate, I can hardly see Cocteau commanding anything like a popular appeal.

As a poet, these traits have stood him in good stead. They enable him to utilize to the full all the resources of a very original talent, first, by making for a highly individual language medium, and secondly, by liberating the imagination from the beaten path. One may be something more than the traditional fool to venture beyond our less intrepid angels. Cocteau at bottom is pretty certain that what element of control is necessary in the creative process is imposed upon it, not from without, by the conscious will, but from within, by the sense of order inherent in the imagination itself. If some of his verse has suffered from an overdose of freedom, and degenerated into sheer stylistic nonsense—rhythmical acrobatics—the greater part of it is, to be sure, firm and intrinsically sound. Further, in recreating a distinctly original experience or aspect of experience one cannot rely wholly on the resources of the traditional medium; the language must be adopted to the special need. Without entirely breaking with the tradition, and thus running the danger of falling into pure literary narcissism,—Gertrude Stein, for example—it is still possible to gain a reordering and fusion of language that will be at once perfectly comprehensible and respond to all the nuances of experience. Granting that the resulting shorthand of Cocteau's verse is obscure in

spots, its concision and compactness is not such as to destroy any point of contact with it; it never falls to the level of the auto-erotic. Likewise, if this penchant for the unique in treatment and subject matter sometimes comprises the cold, hard logic of the critical faculty, it offers Cocteau a peculiar advantage as a critic. It gives him entrée to an order of perception and insight in which the average critic would be hopelessly lost. One cannot help but be impressed by the boldness and originality of conception in such things of his as "Mariés de la Tour Eiffel" or "Rappel à l'Ordre".

But when this penetration and finesse of Cocteau's are brought to the study of human beings and human problems he comes into his full stature. However interesting the poet or critic, the man, it seems to me is preëminently a novelist. In *Thomas l'Impostor*, *Le Grand Ecart*, and now in his latest work, *Les Enfants Terribles*, he brings to his usual qualities a breadth and objectivity lacking in his other work, which transform the canvass from a more or less isolated individual phenomenon to a universal reality. In each case he has chosen a larger subject than himself for his peculiar outlook upon the world.

In *Les Enfants Terribles* he penetrates the mysterious world of childhood which, with all the light thrown on it recently by the newer psychology, nevertheless remains a mystery. When we concentrate on this early period of our lives, we find that just when we are about to seize it in the mind with any degree of concreteness, the picture begins to fade, to close in, as it were—it seems to evade us. So that the image we are finally able to fix is not so much what we actually were, but what we think we were. The characters he has chosen to portray are the proverbial "enfants terribles"—but with capital letters. His Paul and Elizabeth are almost border line cases in the abnormal. But that's beside the point—we must take their singularity for granted. What interests us is the manner of their lives and the way they accomplish their destiny. This the author explains as follows:

There are those lives which would amaze reasonable human beings. They would not understand how a state of moral and spiritual disorder which hardly seems able to last a few weeks could last for years. Yet these lives manage somehow — secretively, and beyond all expectation. But where common sense is unquestionably right is in the fact that if the

logic of events is a force to be reckoned with, it will invariably voice them in tragedy.

This moral disorder which Cocteau depicts is the result of a sort of over-indulgence in those rare and subtle emotions—sentiments de luxe—which most of us either seek to control or curb altogether. We sense their danger. But these children of Cocteau's embrace and indulge them deliberately. Brother and sister, orphans, they immure themselves in an apartment, with absolutely no contact with the outside world except for the barest physical necessities. What results in the one room of the apartment which they have set aside to share in common is not real life, but a hot-house growth, very strange and beautiful, but delicate and fragile, nurtured by the very elements which will destroy it. It's an abnormal relationship in which they move—an extraordinary melange of the most delicate tenderness and mordant cruelty. Hemmed in by their own little rites and fetiches, they watch and scrutinize each other constantly, quarrel, make up, love, hate. We sense here a strong sexual undercurrent which throws an interesting light on the normal counterpart of the early relationship between brother and sister, the sexual implications of which have until recently been overlooked or ignored.

It is in this atmosphere that Paul and Elizabeth pass their childhood. Now enter a certain Gerard and Agathe, also brother and sister, and with this first contact with the outside world are set in motion the forces that culminate in the tragedy. Elizabeth marries a rich American, only to find herself presently a widow with a mansion near the Etoile. Paul rejoins her. She attempts to restore the atmosphere of the "apartment", and builds a duplicate of the old "room" in a part of the huge gallery. Agathe and Gerard return. But something has snapped. Paul has become interested in Agathe, and in order to prevent him from marrying her, Elizabeth resorts to all sorts of petty machinations and intrigues. She succeeds, but hardly has the door closed on the two once more, when Paul discovers her treachery, and poisons himself. Elizabeth sends a bullet through her head.

Thus, what would otherwise be a melodramatic conclusion becomes a natural, logical consequence. Paul and Elizabeth pay the price of their self-imposed seclusion. Having detached themselves from reality, they cannot return with impunity. Now the

very necessity that forces them out into the world is loaded against them; it involves them in ruin at each footstep. Cocteau describes it simply and unsentimentally, with that unerring sense of inevitability inherent in a natural phenomenon. In his profound understanding of the situation he knows enough not to sentimentalize over its tragic consequences. They are inseparable from the lives of his characters. In the economy of destiny, the addition is struck, and whether one takes the long and safe road, or the short and tragic one, the sum totals are always the same.

Considering the difficulties surrounding the translation of a work of this character, Mr. Samuel Putnam has acquitted himself with unusual distinction. The book is a fresh justification of the position he is rapidly gaining as the foremost American translator in the field of contemporary French letters.

MICHAEL FRAENKLE.

Paris.

THIRTEEN AGAINST HUMANISM

THE CRITIQUE OF HUMANISM. A Symposium, edited by C. Hartley Grattan. Brewer and Warren. 1930. Pp. 364.

One wonders if this book has not arrived just a little too late. Ideas in America are such mobile commodities that, like the model-T Ford, they may be scrapped with startling suddenness. It is of no moment whether they have been given a thorough and fertile consideration or have been merely the ephemeral materials of tea-conversations. When the ideas are so remote from the daily fevers of American life as were those of the "Humanists", their life-span is extremely short. The question of "Humanism" or "Anti-Humanism", as the horns of a dilemma that "won't stay put", is already moribund; it will be dead within the next few months.

Some of us may regret this. It was a strange sight to see the professors come out of the study and, with imperious look, reprove the world of business-men, politicians, bootleggers, sweat-shop owners, and chain-store mergers for neglecting the "inner check" and the demands of "decorum". The audacity of the thing nearly took our breath away. Was it possible that ideas were to

break by main force into the naïve and possessive world of industrialism? We did not think it was very likely. But we enjoyed the spectacle. It is now over. And *The Critique of Humanism* is a belated attack on something that was never very vital.

As a critique, this symposium suffers the disadvantages which hampered *Humanism and America*. A symposium cannot really be a critique. *The Critique of Pure Reason* could never have been produced by a committee of Koenigsberg professors alarmed by the scandal that Hume had started in metaphysics. Only the rigorous, concentrated, devastating thinking by an individual could do that. This is just what American Humanism has so far failed to receive. A dozen journalists and one or two poet-critics contribute essays which they have published in various periodicals; the result is a pot-pourri, not a criticism, a collection of ideas about the weaknesses of "Humanism", not a careful or even lucid revelation of fallacies. Thus we have Mr. Grattan's careful and penetrating criticism contrasting with Mr. Allen Tate's confused, pedantic, and exasperating discussion of "The Fallacy of Humanism". We delight in Mr. Lewis Mumford's "Towards an Organic Humanism" and doubt the wisdom of Bernard Bandler II's judging Mr. Paul Elmer More by the latter's early and formative stages. We admire Mr. Edmund Wilson's deft thrusts at the careless statements of Messrs. More and Babbitt, but wish that he had thought the subject worth a more extended discussion. It is a relief to turn to Mr. Rascoe's honest foolery and clown-play. "Humanism" comes off sorrily under the laughter which resounds through his "Pupils of Polonius"; and we feel that here is the old weapon that never fails. Mr. Tate's gravity is amusing in comparison, and, pursuing "Humanism" with more art and less matter, he approximates Polonius by the effect defective.

On the whole, one could wish that the general questions which this controversy has raised might be kept alive and relevant. There is every reason to suppose that many readers, who were drawn to the ideas of "decorum" and "the higher immediacy" by their novelty, will now, on reading the other side, lapse into indifference or go off in pursuit of other intellectual fads. But the issues raised by "Humanism" are not fads. Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt may have the wrong prescriptions, but they have found unmistakable

symptoms of disease. And what is of more importance, the disease is far greater in its range and depth than they, by their greatest efforts, ever suspected. It will be regrettable if the odd flurry among the intellectuals last winter is merely to pass into the limbo of cross-word puzzles, mah-jong, and M. Coué.

CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.

FROUDE AND CARLYLE

FROUDE AND CARLYLE. By Waldo H. Dunn. Longmans: London, New York. 1930. Pp. xx, 365.

No doubt it has been the hope of many a lover of Froude's biography of Carlyle that in time some champion might arise and vindicate the name of the second greatest biographer in English literature, and establish Froude's work as reliable in all essentials and faulty only in relatively insignificant details. It seems to me that Professor Dunn has accomplished just this. He has demonstrated that "Froude is right in tendency all the while, and entirely right in the end" (p. 271); that Froude was indeed right in his representation of the relations between Edward Irving and Jane Welsh, in his portrayal of Mrs. Carlyle's health-shattering life at Craigenputtock, in his narrative of the episode between Carlyle and Lady Ashburton in which Carlyle momentarily forgot the tragic loyalty of his wife for the glamour of a "great lady", and in his understanding that the phrases "gey ill to deal with" and "gey ill to live" amounted to the same thing. And he has shown as clearly as records can show at this late date, nearly fifty years after Carlyle's death, that the chief underlying cause of marital friction between the Carlyles was what Froude hinted it was in the biography and later said it was in his *My Relations with Carlyle*—namely, sexual incompetence. At this point the anti-Froudeans will doubtless rise with one accord and utter such imprecations as they think Professor Dunn deserves.

The author's work is a model of what such a work should be, not only in construction but likewise in tone, in the general spirit of scholarly inquiry in a field where we have in the past been regaled with the incoherent ragings of David Alec Wilson in his *Mr. Froude and Carlyle*, the contradictory and atrabilious reasonings of Sir James Crichton-Brown, the subtler and more patient

attacks on Froude by Alexander Carlyle, and the suave undermining of Froude by Charles Eliot Norton. Professor Dunn equips his book with a list of "Sources Cited by Abbreviation" (pp. xv-xvi), a list of "Controversiae Personae" (pp. xvii-xviii), a short early chapter on "The Controversy in Brief", a final chapter on "The Verdict", and a generous appendix containing Carlyle's will, numerous letters (nine never before published, two that have been published only in part—notably the one from Carlyle to Jane Welsh in reply to her confession, in July 1825, that she had once been passionately in love with Edward Irving), and articles from the British Medical Journal relative to Carlyle's love life. From the beginning to the end, Professor Dunn carefully leads us through the tortuous labyrinth of the "Froude-Carlyle Controversy". The long and complicated story of how Carlyle, in his characteristically vacillating way, gave Froude instructions concerning the printing of the *Reminiscences*, the letters, and the biography, frequently adding to and modifying his requests, apparently never observing how his vagueness could eventuate in Mary Carlyle's claims on the documents with which Froude worked, and of course never dreaming that his want of frankness with Froude would ultimately give rise to the public's morbid interest in the most intimate sphere of his life,—all this is beyond discussing in a brief review. But the vast mass of details and the bewildering ramifications of the controversy are managed by Professor Dunn in the masterly fashion which readers of *English Biography* were led to expect.

One finishes the book with a sense that a work long awaited has at last been well accomplished: Froude's work as editor and biographer, though not whitewashed (the author lists many of Froude's errors), still stands as impressive and graphic as ever, the "Rembrandt picture" which he hoped it would be. The next great service to admirers of both Carlyle and Froude would be, as Professor Dunn maintains, a scholarly, revised, and well-edited collection of all of Carlyle's letters, and a revised and definitive edition of Froude's biography and of the *Reminiscences*.

CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.

MASSINGER'S *THE ROMAN ACTOR*. By William Lee Sandridge. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1929.

Dr. Sandridge's book is a critical edition of one of Philip Massinger's most celebrated plays, reprinted from the original quarto with textual variants, notes, and other accessories common to works of this kind. It is one of several such editions of Massinger plays which have been done at Princeton University as doctoral theses; two others, *The Duke of Milan* and *The Fatal Dowry*, have already been published. The present volume is one of the Princeton Studies in English, being the fourth of that series.

Notable care was evinced by Dr. Sandridge in consulting several copies of the quarto of 1629 to establish his text; for there are minor differences in them, as some of the errors in those first printed were set right in those which came later from the press; the highest authority is a copy owned by Mr. Edmund Gosse, with what are believed to be Massinger's autograph corrections. Footnotes record all these differences and also all emendations by later editors, except punctuation which does not change the meaning. Conscientious and competent scholarship is apparent throughout.

There is an Introduction some forty pages in length, containing the customary data as to sources, stage history, and the like, and a somewhat extended critical consideration of the play. This at times exhibits the fault, common in these, of reading too much like a "seminar report." Its most interesting and best done parts are its account of the circumstances of agitation against the stage which probably inspired Massinger to this defense of plays and their performers, and its exposition of his dramaturgic skill in construction as shown in *The Roman Actor*. Dr. Sandridge also has excellent pages on the figure of Paris, the titular hero. His analysis of the other chief characters is, I think, less acute; his estimate of the play in literature and among the works of its author seems, like Massinger's own, rather too high (one is apt to be partial to a drama which has long been the subject of one's study); and he fails to point out some striking defect in it (for example, the lack of sufficient presentation of the friendship of Domitian for Paris to prepare the spectator or reader for its great eventual exhibition, and the total inconsistency of the emperor's conduct and speech on

that climacteric occasion with his character as elsewhere revealed)—but to discuss such matters would transcend the limits of a brief review.

LACY LOCKERT.

BLACK GENESIS. A Chronicle. By Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude Mathews Shelby. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930.

In their prefatory discussion of *The Family Tree of Gullah Folk Speech and Folk Tales* the collectors and interpreters of these stories told by the negroes of the Low country of South Carolina have approached the subject with the spirit of the scholar and the humanist, and avoiding academic dullness have set forth with keen insight and kindly humor the character of the Gullah speech and the Gullah folk. "In this chronicle", they explain, "we have not given, nor have we intended to give, a scientific rendering of either folk-tales or dialect. To secure clarity we have modified the conventional orthography considerably." For this the reader will be grateful, for in the Gullah stories of Ambrose Gonzales and of Marcellus E. Whaley one has to resort frequently to the vocabulary at the back of the book, with consequent loss of interest and appreciation.

The title of *Black Genesis* suggests the quasi unity of the collection, for these tales nearly all have as their theme the interpretation of the creation stories of the Bible,—Creation, Adam and Eve, Abel an' de Guina Fowl, Cain an' He Goin's On. Thus this collection should have a special interest for those who have seen *Green Pastures* or have read Bradford's *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*. Here we have some crude anthropomorphism, according to which God appears as a sort of master workman, pleased at first with his efforts, but seeming to find the task more and more difficult with each succeeding day. On the fourth and fifth days he made the beasts. "He fix 'em for lub one anudder, an' jus' roam roun' all day widout bodder 'bout nothin' but keepin' company. And he mek 'em so dey kin understan' widout word o' mout' betwix' 'em. De only word roun' 'bout is de Word o' God, which dey only needs ears for hear." But the beasts crowd uncomfortably close around to see what God is going to make next

and he then creates Br' Dog "to keep dem t'ing in dey place". And when God knocks off from work on the fifth day he whistles to Br' Dog and takes him along to the Big House in Heaven, where through Br' Dog's politeness and humble demeanor he wins God's favor, so that God gives him a mouth, without which all the beasts had been created. All the other beasts thereupon demand mouths and God commissions Br. Dog to do the job. Then the trouble begins.

If any reader should be shocked at such a primitive interpretation of the sacred story, they should consult the early English miracle plays and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, especially the scene in which Eve serves luncheon to the angel and Adam, while Adam gravely inquires as to the physiological processes of digestion among angelic creatures. In none of these, nor in these negro folk tales, is there any intentional irreverence, for the God of these simple, child-like black folk is a powerful yet kindly figure, regarding his creatures with paternal solicitude and even a sense of humor, as a father regards his spoiled children. With something of the ironic humor that breathes through the Old Testament stories, God, to relieve himself of the pestering beasts who clamor for mouths like that of the dog, declares, "All right, my frien's! I mek you widout mout' for sabe you a whole lot o' bodder. But I reckon de bes' I kin do now is gi' mout' to you, an' learn you not to ax for too much." Having acquired mouths, they worked their jaws constantly in shouting and talking their own kind of talk, so that they became hungry and having once got the notion of biting for food, they learned to bite one another. Then the little "skee-wee bug an' t'ing" began to bite the "big creeters", who suffered untold agony. Finally the Sarpint, who had already begun to work his wicked wiles, suggested that they ask God for tails with which to drive off the insect pests. "He sic' 'em a-pupose 'cause he reckon God aint goin' to like dat right now." And so the dog was commissioned to furnish them all with tails, and he made a mess of it for some of the beasts, for he could not satisfy all their demands. Even Adam and Eve have tails, for these stories appear to have caught by reflection some of the contagion of evolutionary ideas.

In the temptation scene the Sarpint wins Miss Eve through his subtle flattery so that though she declares, "You mek me too bex wid you", she nevertheless "jus' kind o' giggle an' cast she eye down" and finally plucks an apple, consoling herself with the belief that with so many left on the tree God will surely not miss this single one.

There are few more dramatic scenes in the book than that in which God, having discovered the loss of the apple, makes his voice thunder through the garden, while all the creatures tremble and hide and Adam and Eve crawl under a "hebby fig tree and squinch deyself up side by side an' pull a lot o' dead leaf ober dem for kibber dem up." The story ends with the broadest kind of farce, God chasing them frantically through the Garden and finally cutting off their tails as they scramble desperately over the fence.

The account of the quarrel between Cain and Abel is told with grim realism but with touches of true pathos, as when Eve "jus' t'row sheself down in de dus' by Abel, an' cry an' moan, an' cry an' moan". "An' Adam jus' moaned, O, Lord, both o' me sons is gone now."

Even more interesting and enjoyable, perhaps, are the stories of the animals,—Br' Rabbit, Br' Wolf, Br' Guinea Fowl, Br' Jay Bird, Br' Frog, and Sis' Nanny Goat,—all of whom act in character, with the Rabbit, as usual, playing the part of the picaresque hero as in Uncle Remus, but in the end getting his just deserts at the hands of God.

"All these stories," declare the collectors, "have some foundation of tradition. Several have been handed down for generations by family negroes. Two stand practically as originally told. For them all we have tried to make our fictional development fill in the action and setting that the embodied beliefs or themes of these stories deserve."

They have succeeded admirably in their purpose and have made a genuine contribution to the folk-lore and to the folk-tales of our country, presenting them in such clear, attractive fashion that any reader in any part of the country can understand and enjoy them.

Martha Bensley Bruère has caught successfully the fantastic humor of these tales and her silhouette illustrations add greatly to the charm of the book.

JOHN M. MCBRYDE.

LIBERTY. By Everett Dean Martin. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. \$3.00. Pp. 307.

Mr. Martin's book may be quite fairly described as a "tract for the times" somewhat in the manner of J. S. Mill's *Essay on Liberty*. Doubly so: it is directed against contemporary illiberalism; and its author is obviously at his best when he forgets the past and deals with the present.

The book is simple in construction. It is written around three motives: to define the idea behind the term liberty; to trace the history of liberty so defined; and to elaborate the confusion and danger which mark the popular misconception of the meaning and value of human liberty. It is on the first and third parts that Mr. Martin is most readable and convincing.

The argument hinges on the sharp distinction between liberty defined, on the one hand as meaning specific privileges or rights accepted by the group and protected by some form of law; and, on the other hand, as meaning freedom in general to do and be whatever we please. The first, in Mr. Martin's words, is the classical conception of liberty; the second is the romantic. His book is written to clarify and defend the former.

The history of these two conceptions supplies the major portion of the work. The civilizations of Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Eighteenth Century are examined to determine which conception of liberty was dominant. The ideas of Milton, Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau and Mill are analysed with the same purpose. For the findings of this two-fold survey of the past, the reader of this review is recommended to become the reader of Mr. Martin's book.

The concluding chapters bring home the theme to this illiberal and backsliding generation. It gives one a vivid mental picture of the author, who is the director of the People's Institute, driving into the heads of an audience, recruited from a modern democra-

cy, two old and homely truths: that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and that enforced virtue is no virtue at all.

ALBUREY CASTELL.

THE SACRED FIRE

WHY PREACH CHRIST? A PLEA FOR THE HOLY MINISTRY. By G. A. Johnston Ross. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. William Belden Lectures. Pp. 114.

THE NEW PREACHING. A LITTLE BOOK ABOUT A GREAT ART. By Joseph Fort Newton. Cokesbury Press. Pp. 187.

In reviewing several books on preaching, some sermons by preachers and a volume of sermons by distinguished laymen, Dr. John Haynes Holmes not only awards the palm of superiority to the layman, but diagnoses the trouble of the professional preachers to be their "preaching Christ". The first of the two volumes listed above, besides being a defense of preaching as such, is an *apologia* for making "Christ known and welcomed and beloved and followed and trusted by one's fellow men". The book consists of five lectures. "Why Introduce Men to Jesus?"; "How Jesus Functions in Religion"; "What is the 'Differentia' in Christian Ethics?"; "Why a Community of Faith?"; and "Why Aid in the World Mission of Jesus?"

The author of *Why Preach Christ?* is an able, sincere, and spiritual man and there is much in these lectures that will not only be helpful to the believer in these perplexing times but ought to challenge the attention and command the respect of the fair-minded unbeliever and skeptic; but this reviewer feels constrained to make two adverse criticisms: first, that the attempt to prove the divinity of our Lord by claiming that Jesus "has done things which only God can do", he entirely overlooks the real meaning of the incarnation; the Divine under the limitations of the human; and second, in defining the "community of the Faith" (that is, the church) as "essentially a voluntary association of persons brought together by their common recognition of the beauty and value of certain moral and spiritual ideas or acts" (p. 74), he destroys the real nature of the church as the "ecclesia", the "called of God".

Concerning the first of these objections: that "only God can forgive sins" was precisely the objection brought by the Scribes

against Jesus's words: "thy sins be forgiven thee" which our Lord met not only with the objection that "the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins", but afterwards delegated that power to the Church. (*Vide*, Mark ii, 1-12, and John xx, 21-23) The truth is, Jesus never did but one thing that "only God can do", and that is: he poured forth the Holy Spirit after he had ascended into heaven and sat down at the right of God. That however, strange to say, our author does not mention, just as he does not mention (in speaking of the "wistful yearning among the best spirits in Judaism for a relation to God and man which should be *above statute*") Ezekiel's prophecy of the indwelling spirit (Ezekiel, xxxvi:26-27).

And now for the second of my objections: In defining the church, the author's attempt to prove his point from the Scriptures derives its plausibility solely from his omission of the passages which really define the Church. Isaiah viii is quoted, e. g., but not Isaiah v, and so on. If the Church is only a "voluntary association", it is not to be wondered at that "two-thirds of the entire population of the United States have no definite connection or affiliation with any form of organized Christianity." In one point, however, Dr. Ross is profoundly right. Faith in Christ is dependent on "a consciousness of incompleteness". That consciousness, he thinks, belongs to "the average man", but he adds (in a note) this significant comment: "I do not here speak of the academic person beset with illusions of self-sufficiency. I have not hitherto had the honor of the acquaintance of any academic group in which the approach to religion through Jesus was not deprecated and in which devotion was not despised." Dr. Ross is hereby informally invited to Sewanee, in Franklin County, Tennessee, the United States of America. He may be surprised.

An easy transition from Dr. Ross's book to that of Dr. Newton is made by comparing the sub-title of the latter ("A Little Book about a Great Art") with the idea commended by Dr. Ross that while a sermon should not be a "work of pure art which exists for its own sake alone", it may have that "artistic perfection which applied art may confer on a useful object". Quite recently, that eminent biographer Gamaliel Bradford, who confesses his dislike for ministers, expressed his satisfaction over Dr. Shoemaker's having written a book about clergymen being born again. He

seemed to derive some comfort from such a possibility. In the same way, it may be that Dr. Newton's suggestions for "The New Preaching" may be encouraging to those persons who do not like preaching at all: but I doubt it. By no means do I intend to suggest that the book, by one of America's best and most admired preachers, is therefore without its usefulness. Quite the contrary. Most notable and unusual is the fact, to which the "jacket" directs attention, that "the author does not fail to emphasize the part which the laity play in the making of the clergy". The late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama once explained to a disgruntled layman the futility of the clergy on the ground that "we have nothing but laymen to make them out of". It is a new and helpful addition to the Bishop's philosophy, that after the laymen have given their best to fill the ranks of the clergy, they may still help. At least there is one way in which this book will show the laity how they can be of help to the clergy as preachers: they will certainly be able to give intelligent and constructive criticism of sermons after reading this fascinating book. And the preacher who is not helped by its careful perusal must be hopeless. Here is Dr. Newton's picture of the present situation:

Something is missing in modern religion; all of us are aware of it, though we may not be able to define or describe it. Our churches are filled, if filled at all, with church people, or people trained in the tradition of the church, to whom the language of the church is familiar and its symbolism luminous, if it be only in the dim light of stained glass. The failure of the pulpit to reform the wicked, to hold the attention of the young, to win the respect of the lover of science, to attract the man in the street it is clearly manifest. Yet, instead of being hardened against the influence and appeal of religion, a vast host are seeking it, yearning for it, ready to receive it when it is made real; willing to listen on their knees to any one who has a soul-convincing truth, or who knows a way of living that makes life an inspiration and not an incubus. Religion attracts; the church repels; what is wrong?

If that does not make you want to read the book, there is nothing that I could add that will.

C. B. WILMER.

POETRY AND POPE

SELECTIONS FROM ALEXANDER POPE. Edited by George Sherburn. New York: Thos. Nelson and Sons. 1929. Pp. xli, 467.

THE DUNCAID VARIORUM. Fac-simile reproduction. By Alexander Pope. With an Introductory Essay by Robert Kilburn Root. Princeton, N. J.: The University Press. 1929. Pp. 42, 124.

Dr. Johnson concluded his *Life of Pope* by asserting: 'it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found?' Humbert Wolfe opens the Fifth Chapter of his recent *Notes on English Verse Satire* with the words, 'Pope, after suffering the cold airs of the Romantic revival, is again the touchstone of verse. It is declared, in certain quarters, that not to acknowledge Pope as a great poet is not to recognize poetry.' Miss Edith Sitwell, the eldest of the Sitwell triumvirate, has just given the world an impassioned biography of the poet which aims at once to defend his character and to laud his art.

American scholars have not failed to join the English literati in making handsome recompense to Pope for his century of neglect. Dr. Sherburn of the University of Chicago, one of the two or three principal specialists in Pope, offers us an edition of the poetry, nearly complete, with admirable introduction, notes, and bibliography. The introduction, partly biographical, partly critical, pleads Pope's case ably, with the support of some fresh citations and with full independence of judgment. Sherburn's most important critical observations defend the theory that legitimate poetry may grow 'from enthusiasm for abstract truths' as well as from 'some emotion derived from experiences of life at first hand.' If Pope is essentially a philosophical (or, if you prefer, *didactic*) poet, so, essentially, is Milton. 'It is possible for critics to see that the genesis of *Paradise Lost* is largely a glowing perception of certain abstract truths. It ought to be possible to see the same genesis in some of Pope's work; for Pope and Milton belong to the same school, though the one worked in what was called the "greater poetry" (epic, tragedy, great ode) and the other in the "lesser poetry". If one cannot see this glow of intellectuality in the satires and epistles, one ought at least to be aware of it in the *Essay on Man*—which in many respects is Pope at his best.'

This is really useful criticism; and the praise of the *Essay* is as refreshing as it is unfamiliar. To admire the *Essay* is to show oneself able to admire Pope at his centre.

Dr. Sherburn's book must not be confused with the run of textbooks and school editions of the great poets. There is no student of Pope who can read his observations (in both the Introduction and the 'Aids to Readers') without profit. We look forward eagerly to the biography of Pope which this same distinguished scholar has in hand.

The *Dunciad* celebrated its bi-centenary last year—or rather, the last two years. In commemoration, the Clarendon Press brought out a type-facsimile edition of the 1728 *editio princeps*, and the Princeton University Press followed the next year with a handsome facsimile of the 1729 first issue of the *Dunciad Variorum* (No. 211 in Professor Griffith's Pope Bibliography). The Princeton edition adds to the text a brilliant introduction by Professor R. K. Root, lover of the eighteenth century and urbane expositor of its wit, as well as eminent Chaucerian. Better than any one to date, he does justice to the variety of Pope's motives in pillorying the Dunces and to the variety of effects he achieved. He characterizes the poem as 'a savoury dish compounded of brilliant and ingenious wit, subtle irony, terse epigram and spicy scandal, the whole served up with the poignant sauce of vigorous and highly wrought satiric verse.' 'There was, to be sure, a serious purpose in his book—to save the estate of letters and of learning, to which he bore devoted allegiance, from the depredations of pretentious dullards—but it was also a magnificent jest.'

Dr. Root photostatically reproduces the 1729 version of the *Dunciad* in three books, with Theobald as its King of Dullness. Pope's judgment seems to him at fault in remaking the poem into the *Dunciad* of 1743 with its substitution of Cibber as monarch and its added Book IV. Dr. Sherburn, who prints the poem from the 1743 version, thinks that 'the genuine worth of the new Book IV has generally been regarded as ample compensation for other losses. The dignified melody of the conclusion of the poem makes it one of the most magnificent passages in Pope.'

Root and Sherburn agree that the *Dunciad* abounds in both real poetry and sterling good sense (even if the two virtues do not,

perhaps always coincide). Sherburn speaks out both roundly and soundly on page 457: 'everyone of clear mind ought to see that the *Dunciad* essentially *does* tell wholesome truths. The literary historian or critic in every age needs to be reminded of the humble and ancillary—if essential—nature of his task. Every doctor of philosophy might profitably ponder the *Dunciad* at least once a year. As for dull poets all one can say is that there is so much good poetry elbowed aside by the specious that no one ought ever to regret frankness about the latter sort.'

AUSTIN WARREN.

BRIEF REVIEWS

BREAKING PRISCIAN'S HEAD. By J. Y. T. Greig. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. Today and Tomorrow Series.

With much good humor, the author of this iconoclastic discussion of grammar holds up to scorn many well-accepted principles of good usage in writing and in speech. If he really believes what he says, he doesn't dramatize his principles; for his book, with the exception of one deliberate split-infinitive, is in flawless English which even his adversary, Mr. Basil de Selincourt, might reasonably accept. His effort, however, is too conscious even when he is splitting his single infinitive; it is too obvious to be impressive. His very conformity to centripetality of standard English convinces one that he functionally knows that he *hadn't ought* to ruin the King's English or the President's American. Between exhibitive knowledge and functional knowledge is a wide chasm: exhibitive knowledge is a pose which does not correspond with the unconscious disclosures of real knowledge which is dramatized in action. Exhibitive knowledge is frequently the result of an abortive effort to be original at the expense of being sincere. The really difficult effort of any intelligent person who is aware of this difference is to make his exhibitions square at all points with his functionings of knowledge.

IN THE EVENING OF MY THOUGHT. By Georges Clemenceau. Boston: Houghton. Mifflin Company. 1929. In 2 vols.

The Tiger began and ended as a materialist, and political experience only fed his hatred and cynicism. Intellectually, at four-score years, he remained what he was at thirty—a nationalist, and anti-clericalist, and vaguely an evolutionist. In two bulky volumes he reflects on history, anthropology, politics, the atom, earth, all sciences, all religions, the mysteries of life and death, all the problems of cosmology, and his ideas on all these special subjects are fully consistent with such notions of them that had become fixed in his mind in his youth when materialism was the "rage" in society. He fights for a scientific experimental attitude, yet protests with amusing pathos against the new non-material physics, which only proves that he is naive and pugnacious. In religion, in morals, in politics, he styles himself a disillusioned materialist: there is no justice in the objective world, God is only a word, war is natural, the strong arm is real, et cetera, and the whole basis of human morality is man himself. However, if man could overcome his innate perversity, the future would be magnificent. There's no telling, Tiger.

HUMAN HISTORY. By G. Elliot Smith. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1929. Pp. 472.

As a history of early civilization the work of Dr. Smith is marred by his bias that human culture arose in Egypt and spread to other regions by a process of diffusion. He too easily dismisses all contrary evidence, such as the independent claims of Sumeria and of America which developed without benefit of Egypt. But the work is significant for the coördination of the biologic and intellectual disciplines which it achieves for the understanding of the *life quest* or man's endeavor to understand himself and to preserve the life that animated his body. There are scholarly chapters on primitive man, which statesmen and militarists should know,—that he was peaceful by nature, that war and injustice were not natural modes of behavior but profoundly determined by rigid conventions and civilization.

AGRICULTURAL REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES. By John D. Black. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1929. Pp. 541.

The author ably presents our leading political issue, and is not afraid of coming to conclusions. He analyzes the current "relief" plans—tariff revision, equalization fees, export debentures—for raising prices, and proposes his own plan of "transferable rights". He admits that no one plan will do for all farm crops, but stoutly defends the principle of price raising, in order to maintain the countryside against the city. Thus "reform" is exclusively centered on price, to the neglect of other equally important factors determining farm income,—efficiency of operation, scientific research, utilization of waste products, for example.

THE CRADLE OF GOD. By Llewelyn Powys. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. Pp. 302.

Fundamentally the author is convinced that there is no human destiny outside the matrix of matter, that nothing is certain except the ocean of oblivion, and that Christianity is but a single radiant eddy on life's dark stream of shadow and sunshine. Fascinated by the epic-grandeur of God-making Abraham and Moses and the God-tormented prophets, himself unhampered by Biblical interpreters, their deeds and winged words are the occasion for his deft craftsmanship and his earthly, suave, aristocratic wisdom. To be generous, to be free, to be impassioned, to be understanding, is to have heathen loyalties deeper and truer than the loyalties of believers clinging to mystic assurances. He compliments Jesus on his magnanimity, his impossible personal dreams, admits the unexplained marvel of his personality, and grants the honor for establishing Christianity to Paul.

MAN'S SOCIAL DESTINY. By Charles A. Ellwood. Nashville: Cokesbury Press. 1929. Pp. 219.

The books of Professor Ellwood are known around the world. In this last series of six lectures he grapples with modern disillusionment, but reassuring throughout that the social welfare conception of government is secure and that science and religion are mutually sympathetic for the benefit of the race. His thought

challenges alike the grounds of the comfortable and the cynical; it is discerning in its mature scholarship, judicious, illuminating whatever it touches. His is the thought of a social scientist who knows that nature is friendly, and man's social order unrigid and modifiable.

THE STORY OF GOVERNMENT. By Sir Charles Petrie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. Pp. 329.

Beautiful lucidity and intellectual firmness characterize this book narrating the story of political development through the centuries. The author conceives government not as an absolute good, but as a method of social organization vitally influenced by man's environment, interests, and needs; the story thus unfolded is clear of complex variations and systems, only those trends and elements being detailed which have left their stamp on existing forms. From the patriarchal group and city State to democracy and Empire, the pendulum swings, now in the direction of liberty, now in that of authority. While economic interests are the chief moulding influences of present and future government, they are close to the social life of those whom it controls, aiming at social welfare and at liberty without license.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A TAMED CYNIC. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. 1929. Pp. 198.

The notes taken by Dr. Niebuhr when he was pastor of a little church in Detroit are uncommonly keen and realistic in their criticisms of the cultural assumptions, the romantic illusions, the evasions of industrial life, and of the ineffectuality of organized religion to transform that life in the spirit of Jesus. The churches are committed to the interests of the middle classes and personal salvation. They cannot think of a saved society. If they would only bear witness to the truth, until such a day when bitter experience will force upon us a humility which men do not now possess.

THE WAY OF THE SEA. By Harold Peake and Herbert John Fleure. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929. Pp. 168.

This new addition to the series *The Corridors of Time* by noted British anthropologists is rich in text and illustration. It is the story of the first great awakening of the West, somewhere about 2600 to 2100 B. C., due to increased mobility of peoples by land and sea and the break-up of ancient attachments by the westward flow of commerce. From the borders of the Russian steppes to Brittany, tombs, pottery and forms of implements tell the story of awakening activity and intelligence. It is an amazing collection of thousands of unearthed bits of man's handiwork.

SCIENCE AND THE NEW CIVILIZATION. By Robert A. Millikan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. Pp. 194.

What Dr. Millikan says about the services and benefits of science in lifting the material level of civilization he says simply and well. Granted that the machine age is not a menace, and that applied science and economic initiative have broken the ancient enslavement of man to drudgery and suffering. Yet it seems rashly optimistic to maintain that science is a steadying influence for a moral order, that it can also guide us to use things wisely in a man's world, or that the alternative to scientific judgment is a return to savagery. We can not so lightly dismiss the practical effects of science upon our ambitions, rivalries, and conflicts. Science may not be responsible for conflicts and wars, for pure science is impersonal and without sin, and Nature does not refuse the right answer to the inquiring scientist. But the world of substances gives no answers to the questions man must needs have as a personality if he is to walk soberly and securely in a world so full of things and other men.

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